The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

It is gratifying to ourselves and will, we trust, be not less so to our readers, that we have been able to issue this year the largest Christmas Number of THE BOOKMAN that has made its appearance since the war came to make all things difficult for us, and some impossible. We think too that in artistic and literary quality this Christmas Number will compare with even the best of its predecessors. In its preparation we have been much indebted to copyright owners, to whom we make due acknowledgments elsewhere. In dealing with the dramatic art of Sir James Barrie, we have given prominence to "Mary Rose," both because it is one of the greatest, most wonderfully imaginative of his dramas, and because it is the play that holds the stage at this time, and no play in London is drawing such large and enthusiastic audiences as go nightly to witness it at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Percy Macquoid's subtle skill in arrangement and decoration; the scenery of those masters of scenic art, Messrs. Joseph and Phil Harker; and the haunting, exquisitely appropriate musical preludes and interludes of Mr. Norman O'Neill have combined to render it another and one of the most artistically beautiful of the many triumphs of production that have been achieved under Mr. Frederick Harrison's management. Our thanks are due to Mr. Harrison for kindly offering our special artist, Mr. Leo Bates, facilities for making his character sketches from "Mary Rose," and to Mr. Norman O'Neill for lending us (by kind permission of the publishers, Messrs. Schott & Co.) two manuscript pages of his music for reproduction in facsimile.

From a copyright photo by Mr. Holbrook Jackson (1908).

Mr. W. H. Davies and the cottage in the Weald where his "Autobiography" was written.

Frontispiece to fifth edition of "The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp," by W. H. Davies, with Preface by G. Bernard Shaw (Fifield). This edition contains a special Note by the author and five poems.

Mr. Norman O'Neill, who is conductor at the Haymarket, is the son of G. B. O'Neill, the artist, and had his musical education at Frankfurt-am-Main. He has done much distinguished work as a composer of orchestral and chamber music, songs and piano pieces, and came to his latest, and perhaps greatest, success with "Mary Rose" after writing the music for four Shakespeare plays — the "Hamlet" of Martin Harvey; the "Julius Cæsar" of Henry Ainley; Mr. Trench's production of "King Lear" at the Haymarket, and for Mr. James K. Hackett's "Macbeth," at the Aldwych theatre Mr. O'Neill wrote also the music for two plays by Lord Dunsany, "The Gods of the Mountain" and "The Golden Doom" (both produced at the Haymarket), and, amongst others, for two fairy plays, "Through the Green Door" and Maeterlinck's masterpiece, "The Blue Bird."

We would remind intending competitors that our 250 guineas First Novel Prize Competition

closes at the end of this month, and they should write at once for particulars to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

ZANE GREY COMPETITION.

For readers of Zane Grey's great romance, "The Man of the Forest."

In this Competition, which closed on September 30th, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Limited, offered a First Prize of Ten Guineas, and Five Prizes of Two Guineas each for the best answers, in not more than five hundred words, to the following question: "In your opinion would a marriage between the highly-civilised Helen and 'The Man of the Forest' be a permanent success? Would she revert to his primitive conditions, or he become assimilated to her (conventionally) higher grade?"

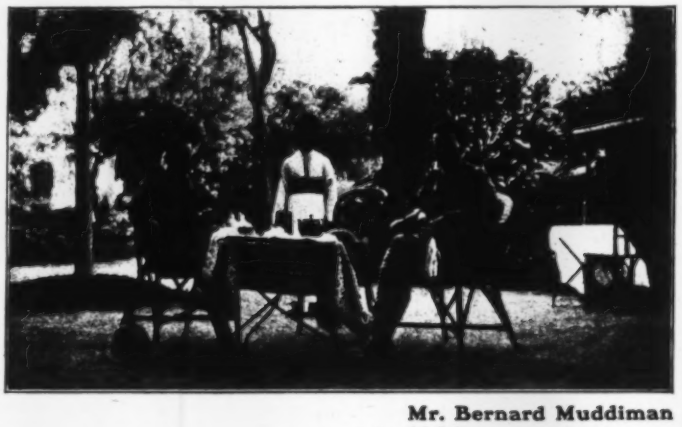
The keenest interest has been shown in this Competition by Zane Grey's multitudinous readers in all parts of the world, and after careful consideration of the many replies received, the judges have made their awards as follows:

FIRST PRIZE OF £10 10S. awarded to:

D. MacLaughlin, Breezemount, Coleraine, Ireland.

Mr. D. H. Laurence,

whose new novel, "The Lost Girl," Mr. Martin Secker is publishing. From a Portrait Sketch by Jan C. Juta.



Mr. Bernard Muddiman (right),

whose admirable study, "The Men of the Nineties" (Danielson), was recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN, and is now in its second edition.

PRIZES OF £2 2S. EACH to:

Robert J. Shaw, Retford House, Dewsbury Road, Leeds.

Miss M. Brock, Summerseat, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire.

G. A. Stockfeld, Harlech, North Wales.

Mrs. L. Gethin Hughes, Broomlea, Church Road, South Farnborough, Hants.

Thos. Powell, Clairwood, Neath, South Wales.

AND TWO CONSOLATION PRIZES OF £1 1S. EACH to:

J. Mante Danson, c/o. Messrs. Ofori Brothers, Kaforidua, Gold Coast, West Africa.

J. H. B. Vasseron, c/o. A. F. Williams, Helystr, Maitland, C.P., South Africa.

A considerable majority of competitors are agreed that the marriage between two so apparently unlike each other as the refined Helen and the rugged Milt Dale, the "Man of the Forest," would for the reasons they offer prove a permanent success.

If Mr. MacLaughlin's opinion is more cautious, less emphatic than that of some of the others, it carries the same conviction. "All the probabilities are in favour of a marriage between Helen and the 'Man of the Forest' being a permanent success," he writes. "To begin with it has a sure foundation — Love. Each, in her or his own way, has been fairly tried. Her early training has let her see the practical side of life, and her later experiences have widened her views, opened her eyes to the stern realities, and given her far more than the ordinary girl's experience of the worst phases of human nature. . . . No woman could have gone through experiences such as she had with the 'Man of the Forest,' and proved his unselfishness and capabilities, without having added to the natural feelings of love and affection which he inspired in her a deep respect for him which is bound to be

lasting. There are equally strong grounds for believing that the marriage would be a happy one for the 'Man.' His love and admiration for Helen are not founded on passing fancy or passion. . . . Though he had no experience of women he was no fool. He studied and learned slowly the beauty of Helen's character, and his admiration became a matter of conviction, founded on deep respect. There was added the stimulant of Love, and there is no doubt he would start his married life on the right lines and with the earnest determination to make it a success. The question may be asked—Would it last? Would not his earlier training, his more or less uncivilised life in the woods unfit him for settling in the regular life of a master of a ranch?

Miss Grace Stebbing,

whose new story, "Elmira Wakes," Messrs. Jarrold are publishing.

These objections would have force if he had married a city girl and adopted town life. . . . His life on a ranch would not hurt his natural or acquired instincts," and "he had learned to have so much respect for his wife, so much appreciation of her intelligence and judgment, that there would always be, besides the tie of natural affection, the lasting link founded on an intelligent understanding of her merits. So far as the future of any newly married life can be foretold, the chances in this case are altogether favourable."

If Mr. MacLaughlin's opinion is the more carefully weighed, the more searching, Mr. Robert J. Shaw's is to the point and unreservedly optimistic. Of course the marriage would be a success, he says. "No one could doubt that; they were made for each other. Probably nowhere in the world could either of them have found partners better suited to

Mr. Thomas Moult,

whose novel, "Snow Over Elden" (Heinemann), is to be published this month. Mr. Moult is the editor of *Voices* and a contributor to "Georgian Poetry."

each other, notwithstanding the different conditions under which they had hitherto lived. They were both fine characters," for all their differences of temperament and upbringing, and "when personalities like these meet, and fired by a spark of love

Photo by Alice Mills, Melbourne.

Mr. Bernard Cronin,

whose new novel, "Timber Wolves," has been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

they coalesce, they form as perfect a whole as can be expected in this world. . . . Devoted, loving, and striving to do good, I predict for Milt and Helen Dale a long and useful life."

Miss M. Brock predicts an "unqualified success" for the marriage. "In love, as in all other crises of life, instinct rules. . . . Conventionally, Milt Dale was a savage, but in his deeper nature he was as highly civilised as the greatest man in the world. Helen loved him because she saw in him all that she admired in a man."

"The match between Helen Rayner and Milt Dale should," in Mr. G. A. Stockfield's opinion, "turn out to be an ideal one. Her life as a school teacher and the conventions surrounding it were the result of circumstances beyond her control and not necessarily most congenial to her. The readiness with which she fell into the ways of the bush and her aptitude for the life clearly showed that she was eminently suited for it."

Mrs. L. Gethin Hughes answers the question in the affirmative, and holds that "sooner or later Helen's superior intellectuality will completely overcome the 'natural physical instincts' of the woodsman. It was a struggle between the 'natural physical man' and the 'complex intellectual woman,'" and instead of Helen's lapsing into primitive conditions, "his life would henceforth be lived in the environment of the higher and nobler civilisation which Helen had introduced into it."

Two things, in Mr. Thomas Powell's judgment, would operate to make the marriage a permanent success: "The personality of the man himself" and "the gradual and progressive influence of Helen's society."

Photo by Lafayette. **Mr. V. C. Scott O'Connor,**

whose new book, "The Charm of Kashmir" (Longmans), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. Otto Rothfeld,

whose new book, "Women of India" (Simpkin, Marshall), is reviewed in this Number.

Mr. J. Mante Danson considers the marriage would not be a success because Helen would not adopt the rougher habits that had become natural to the man, and he would, in time, come to resent her superiority, and she to look down upon him as uncivilised. It is a point of view, but on the whole we do not think Mr. Danson works it out quite convincingly.

Mr. J. H. B. Vasseron is, we think, nearer the mark in suggesting that they would be happy because they had great qualities in common, and the differences between them were superficial, and that, loving each other, she would find it easy to come down a little towards his lower or simpler ways, and he to rise a little towards her more conventional refinements of habit till they met on a happy level that would satisfy both.

The results are not only highly creditable to the vast majority of our competitors, but a remarkable testimony to the fascination with which Mr. Zane Grey's novel presents its very natural problem in human character.

"Elmira Wakes," a new story by Grace Stebbing, will be published this month by Messrs. Jarrold, her earliest publishers. Miss Stebbing, who has written

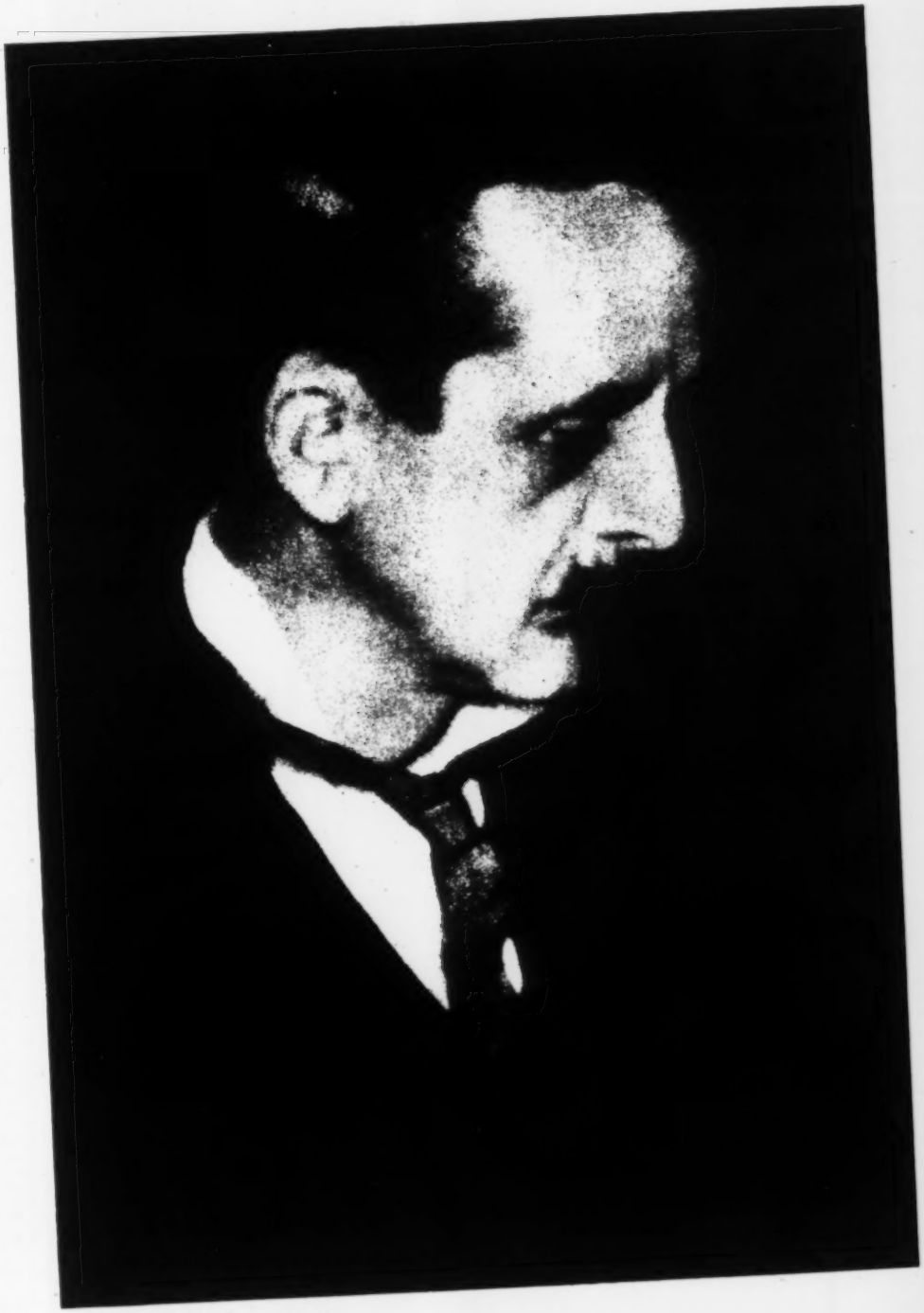


Photo by Alvin Langdon Coburn

J. M. Barrie

many popular stories for boys and girls, is now eighty years of age, and still retains the vigour and enthusiasm of youth. "As an author of many books," she says, "and of some thousand and more published articles on almost every subject under the sun, from a criticism of some of Gladstone's political ventures to instructions on how to scrub floors, I think the thing that gives me most pleasure is the fact that a tale I wrote when I was seven appeared in print, with nothing altered but the spelling, when I was over thirty."

Mr. Hamilton Fyfe,

whose new novel, "The Widow's Cruse" (Leonard Parsons), is reviewed in this Number.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Dion Boucicault, with whose kind permission we reproduce Mr. Frank Haviland's drawing of Miss Hilda Trevelyan as Wendy.

Mr. Joseph Shaylor's "Friend to Friend Kalendar" has become a recognised and very welcome Christmas institution. The 1921 Kalendar has just been published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall (1s. 6d. net). It is artistically produced and, in addition to postal rates and other useful information, contains an original poem for each month of the year — the poems touching on various aspects of friendship, all with some real qualities of feeling and expression. "The Friend to Friend Kalendar" is an ideal little book of greeting or remembrance for one friend to send to another, especially at this time of year.

"The J. M. Barrie Calendar" (published by Cecil Palmer) is an excellent compilation by Robert Williams, giving a quotation from the works of Sir James Barrie for every day of the year, with a brief biographical note at the beginning, and a useful bibliography at the end.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ARTHUR BEVERLEY BAXTER.

A VERY rapid success in literature has been made by a young man from a young land. Canada has been busy about many things; but books have not hitherto been a main attention of the Great Dominion—certainly not books of fiction.

Mr. Arthur Beverley Baxter attained popular success with his first book, "The Blower of Bubbles," published by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers in 1919. Seldom has a collection of short stories met with such approval in three countries—England, America and Canada. His ambitious novel, "The Parts Men Play," will firmly establish his reputation as a fictionist.

Before dealing with these books, it is necessary to get back to Mr. Beverley Baxter's first causes. Born some twenty-nine years ago in Toronto, the future story-teller's first inclinations were towards music and art. As a boy he had a very good alto voice, which later became a tenor. The voice was well trained, and the young singer made a considerable reputation, notably at a recital given before the Duchess of Connaught at Government House, Ottawa. When he later discovered that he was not fated to become a Caruso or a John McCormack, he took to playwrighting with easy versatility. The confidence was not unwarranted, as at the age of nineteen, a play of his, "The Feminist," was accepted by a New York producer—who went bankrupt just prior to the night of production. "It was a very awful play," admitted Baxter; "the bankruptcy was an intelligent anticipation."

Mr. A. Beverley Baxter.

His next appearance was as Conductor of the Toronto Musical and Dramatic Society, but he kept on writing plays of an ephemeral nature whose main merit lay in a quite vivid inspiration: he even had the courage to be an actor.

Gradually, however, he was finding himself as a teller of tales. He had written about twenty short stories, when Mr.

T. B. Costain gave him the opportunity of a special commission, "The Mad Hatter," for *McLean's Magazine*, one of the best periodicals in America. It should be an encouragement to other young writers that none of the preceding twenty stories had evoked from editors anything but polite rejection-slips.

Then came the most important event in the lives of many millions of people, including the young Canadian writer. For over four years Arthur Beverley Baxter served with the Canadian Army. While in hospital in France in the summer of 1918, he wrote an extremely fascinating story, "Mr. Craighouse of New York, Satirist," which found welcome in *Chambers's Journal*. Up to that time our author had only conceived of his fiction in terms of magazine stories; but as the terrific significance of the war was increasingly borne in on him his ambitions rose higher.

On a momentous day when on leave in Edinburgh he called on the douce house of Chambers, and saw there Mr. Charles Chambers and Mr. George Morris. Mr. Chambers bluntly said: "I don't understand the modern short story, Mr. Baxter. I don't know why the author writes it; and still less do I understand why the editor buys it. If, however, you can give me something which seems to me to be literature, I shall be glad to do business with you." Before this Mr. Baxter had been in total ignorance that just such an editor existed in any part of the globe.

"Mr. Craighouse of New York" was duly forwarded, and elicited a note of congratulation. "Petite Simunde" and "The Blower of Bubbles" created a similar good effect. A decision was arrived at to publish the five long-short stories which met with approval in *Chambers's Journal* in book form. The volume bore also the imprint of Appleton for America, and of McClelland and Stewart for Canada.

Mr. Baxter's long novel, "The Parts Men Play," had the same triple publishing-parentage. The first impetus came from Mr. Rutger B. Jewett, now Vice-President of Appleton's Publishing Co., who, when in London last year, met Mr. Beverley Baxter, and asked him if he would undertake a modern romance dealing with Anglo-American relations from a frank and friendly point of view. All readers of "The Parts Men Play" will agree as to the frankness and friendliness, and will admire the tactful way in which both countries' mutual faults and virtues are contrasted.

Before dealing with "The Blower of Bubbles" and "The Parts Men Play," I would like to give Mr. Baxter's readers and his prospective readers an inkling of his methods and characteristics while engaged in the work of creation.

For a long time before writing Mr. Beverley Baxter has got the plot, or the nucleus of it, in his head. The story is generally suggested by some combination of circumstances in life. His theory is that something presents itself to the physical or mental vision which is incomplete; and that it is the duty of the fictionist to complete it for good or ill. This is purely his own theory, the plan by which his tales come.

In writing "The Parts Men Play" Mr. Baxter found he was getting about too much socially; and his hero was acquiring a different mood each morning as a consequence of the night before; so Baxter sought shelter in a quiet room, devoting himself to an unbroken study of his subject.

On completing his novel, he came over from Canada in January of the present year as Literary Editor of the *Daily Express*. He owns that journalism has fascination for him, but declares that close pursuit of it is a dreadful menace to the spirit of the artist; that constant glorification of the ephemeral has a tendency to destroy the real perspective of life.

His great ambition as a fictionist is to write in such a way as to illuminate ordinary, commonplace life: he is a romantic realist.

"The Blower of Bubbles" (Chambers; 1919) has had a great and merited success in three countries. Its five stories are far out of the ruck of the humdrum and conventional. They are written with that deceptive lightness which suggests short spells of happy and undisturbed inspiration. It is this quality of seeming frivolity that gives a charm of youth to things of gravity. The emotionalism which runs through them never really beaches the reader on the sands of sheer sentimentality.

"Petite Simunde" is a subtle and delicate study of a French peasant girl and a dangerous French-Canadian—a study the more subtle because the two main characters are so obviously primitive. "The Airy Prince" reminds one of a gay and loving adventure of R. L. Stevenson's "Florizel of Bohemia." "The Man Who Scoffed" and "Mr. Craighouse of New York, Satirist" contain the best lesson in the world—that there is a great deal in life, after all.

It is by a second book that a writer is judged. Mr. Beverley Baxter's "The Parts Men Play" (Chambers; 7s. 6d. net) places him among the chief of Canadian novelists and as a very considerable figure in the ranks of English writers. The novel is a strong, clear-cut contribution to serious fiction.

Lord Beaverbrook in a Foreword defines Mr. Baxter's position: "A Canadian lives in a kind of half-way house between Britain and the United States. He understands Canada by right of birth; he can sympathise with the American spirit through the closest knowledge born of contiguity; his history makes him understand Britain and the British Empire. He is, therefore, a national interpreter between the two sundered portions of the race."

It is to Mr. Baxter's honour as an artist that the novel he has written has no suggestion of propaganda; but it is quite certain that his book will have a great and illuminating influence on Anglo-American relationship.

Austin Selwyn is the central figure of the book; is the observer and *raisonneur*; he is, mayhap, the author himself. A young man of culture and broad views, England appeals to him in many ways as the cradle of a great civilisation; but he sees many things in English life which shock his clear Bostonian serenity. His observations of London life from the highest grades to the lowest are keen and understanding. More surprising still, his views of the life of New York are as devoid of favourable prejudice, or any kind of false illusion.

There is a fascinating love story in "The Parts Men Play"; but it is the men who count. The outstanding figures beyond Austin Selwyn are Dick Durwent, a drunken weakling with the breath of God in him, and

XUM

Gerald van Derwater, an American idealist, reserved and chivalrous.

Austin Selwyn is so fiercely opposed to the crime of war that, from the depths of his heart, he writes literature which helps to keep America neutral, and makes him despised of all his friends, American as well as English, who see only in the great conflict a struggle between angels and devils.

The finest chapter of a remarkable book is that in which, at a supper of old Harvard men, Douglas Watson, mutilated by war, asks what America has done with her soul, and Gerald van Derwater rises in a mad riot of men who are seeing red, and explains why the great Republic delayed so long in coming to the aid of the European Allies. It is a magnificent piece of pleading.

Selwyn becomes a fighting man, but at the end of things his original faith remains. To his unborn son he leaves a deadly but almost forgotten fact which every nation on God's earth will some day surely realise: "Civilisation has murdered ten million men." Let the men of the future look to it that mankind's Gethsemane shall not come again. To attune the spirit of man to the spirit of Christ is as much the mission of the writers and poets as of the churches. Arthur Beverley Baxter, as the years go on, may spread the message far to the children of the world's new day.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

MISS ANGELA BRAZIL.

IT is more difficult to make a reputation as a writer for the young than as a writer for grown-up people. Perhaps that is why, comparatively, so few authors of the former kind survive among the immortals. And perhaps the difficulty arises, in the first place, from the fact that while we are young we are less influenced by the critics; we do not read any book merely because it is considered necessary that persons with a claim to literary taste should have read it; we read, as everybody ought to, for our enjoyment, and therefore read only what we enjoy, and no intellectual snobbery restrains us from proclaiming our taste or lack of it and throwing aside at once the books that bore us.

Therefore, when a writer for younger readers is successful you may know it is not because he has been smart enough to make effective use of some noisy topic of the moment, nor because he has been sedulously boomed into notice by a group of friendly reviewers, but simply because he has had the art to write a book in such fashion that it has really captured the hearts and minds of the readers for whom it was written. You can't trick the children, in these matters, so easily as you can their adult relations; they are not to be swayed by the opinion of the boy next door, but want what pleases themselves, and will take nothing else. There is no pretence about their admiration, and the writer who wins it has the satisfaction of knowing that no outside influence, nothing but his own gifts as a teller of stories, has enabled him to do so.

That has been the pleasant fortune of Miss Angela Brazil. She found her public at once with her first book, "A Terrible Tomboy," which was published in 1905 by Messrs. Gay & Bird, and later by the Oxford Press, and each succeeding book has added to her popularity until one may safely say that no living writer of fiction for girls has a larger or more enthusiastic circle of readers. But the discovery of her gift does not date from the appearance of her first book; she was telling stories long before she began to write them.

Born at Preston, of Irish and Scottish ancestry, Miss Brazil was educated at Ellerslie College, Manchester, and afterwards studied figure painting at Heatherleys' studio, in London, and landscape painting in Wales. As a small child she was immensely fond of impromptu acting to any home-audience that would consent to listen, and of "making up" stories and telling them to her companions. She remembers, when she was ten, attending a dancing class and occupying the intervals between dances in telling tales to the immediate circle round her. On one occasion, a little six-year-old, sitting on her knee, was called away to practise her steps, but wanting to hear the end of the story that was in progress she clung to the narrator and, howling lustily, made something of a scene. Whereupon Miss Brazil was gently

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Miss Angela Brazil.**

but firmly given to understand that dancing was the object of the class, and she must in future restrain her inventive energies. But she finished the story, presently, in the dressing-room, with the children squatting round about her on the floor, putting on their boots, and the nurses who had come to fetch them waiting impatiently on the outskirts.

Another of Miss Brazil's early recollections is that on the last day of term at school, when she was eleven, after the examination lists had been read out and there was still an hour to spare, her form mistress offered to read aloud to the class, and asked, "Would you like that?" There was dead silence; then a voice called out, "Let Angela Brazil tell us a story!" The mistress looked surprised, but at once assented, and the girls hoisted Miss Brazil on to the top of a desk and sat round anyhow to listen. "I think the teacher stayed too," says Miss Brazil, "but I was far too interested in my story to bother about grown-ups, who were outside the charmed circle of childhood and never appealed to me as an audience. Even now I feel the same. The children are my readers; it is for them I write, and I don't trouble about grown-up critics. I hate books written ostensibly for children, but really with an eye to the general and older public."

She finds that her best critics are the schoolgirls themselves. They frequently send her charming letters, telling her which of her heroines they like best, and why, and which books please them most. One little girl, in such a letter, paid her the delightful compliment of adding, "Please don't *ever* write for grown-up people, because we like to feel you belong entirely to us." Almost all the happenings in her books have some foundation in the experiences of herself or her friends. Her family used to have a country cottage in a beautiful spot in North Wales. She generally spent her summer holidays there, and there she wrote all her earlier books, a studio in the garden serving her as a literary "den." The cottage had originally been a farm, and was part of an ancient monastery dating from the fourteenth century.

"A Terrible Tomboy," that first book of Miss Brazil's, was written at the cottage, and largely described the scenery that lay all around her. She wrote it purely as a venture, knowing nothing of literary ways nor how to approach publishers, and having nobody who could tell her. She sent it out on chance, and it was accepted, and so well reviewed, and sold so well, that she felt encouraged to go on, and wrote "The Fortunes of Philippa." This happened to be a school story, and made such a strong appeal that Messrs. Blackie, who published it, asked her to write more school stories, and so by chance she fell into the particular line of work from which she has never since departed. "I enjoyed my own schooldays so entirely," she tells you, "that they seem a fount which never runs dry."

One of her two latest books, "A Popular Schoolgirl," is largely about the Cotswolds. She never absolutely "locates" a story, but the "spy-hole" which figures in one chapter of this is situated in Malmesbury Abbey. It is so inaccessible that it is seldom shown to visitors, but she bribed the verger to let her scramble up and look at it, and was so taken with it that she told him she should have to put it into a tale. Her other new book, "The Princess of the School," contains first-hand reminiscences of Sicily, where she once spent a very happy winter and attended the peasants' fair, which has a place in a chapter of that story.

It is her genuine sympathy with young people and her love of associating with them that preserves the freshness of outlook and intimacy of understanding that are such pronounced characteristics of all Miss Brazil's work. And it will interest her multitude of young readers to know that all her writing is still done at a little desk which was made for her when she was nine years old. On this she did her first lessons, wrote her school essays, and, at the age of ten, did her literary duties as editor of a manuscript magazine; so she has come to regard it as a sort of mascot.

But Miss Brazil's intellectual activities are by no means limited to writing stories. She is keenly interested in painting, music, natural history and archæology. She lives now at Coventry, and is, moreover, Honorary Secretary of the Coventry City Guild for the Preservation of Places of Historic Interest; Vice-President of the Y.W.C.A. (Coventry Branch); an Associate of the Girls' Friendly Society, and Member for Coventry Cathedral of the Diocesan House of Women (Warwickshire). As Secretary of the Coventry City Guild, she has recently been busy helping to arrange a local museum, and has (to interest the young folks of the city) set aside one case for bygone children's toys. Among the collection are dolls over eighty years old; a child's tea-service of 1790, and old children's books (one dating from 1695 and printed in black letter) which are quaintly different from the story-books of to-day. In all which you glimpse something of the secret of her power over the younger generation; she does not merely dream about them, but knows them and lives and works for and among them in very practical ways. Withal, amid these varied occupations she manages to find time for literary work, and is making great progress with another tale of school life, and has mapped out five others, one of which will have its scene laid in romantic surroundings in "Red Devon by the Sea," where she has lately been gathering material for future use.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

As we have to go to press with the Christmas BOOKMAN before the 14th November, we are unable to announce in this Number the results of our usual monthly Prize Competitions. These results will be given in our January issue, and the time for sending in for the November Competition is extended to the 14th December.

QUALITY STREET.

From "QUALITY STREET."
By J. M. BARRIE.
Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

PHOEBE: "HE IS SO FEARLESS, SUSAN, HE HAS SMOKED HIS PIPE IN THIS ROOM."

THE READER.

BARRIE AS AN ARTIST.

By G. K. Chesterton.

THE most perfect play of those I have seen, among the beautiful plays of Sir James Barrie, is the elvish comedy called "Dear Brutus." I am ashamed to say that I have not seen all the others; but I have seen enough to know that none are without elements that may be better than completeness. I am by no means sure that the most perfect play is necessarily the best play; especially as Sir James Barrie is not the sort of poet whose point is perfection. A play by Barrie may be a classic; but it is never classical. But the drama of "Dear Brutus" contained a combination of those original ideas which he alone attempts, caught up in a unity that he does not always achieve. The very title was an inspiration; and all the more an individual inspiration for being also a secret. It may seem almost paradoxical to suggest that secretiveness can be turned into a successful stage trick. But that innocent and natural secretiveness, which is a part of the author's personality, really helps him in the preparation of a surprise. I can imagine him overhearing people puzzling over the programme, finding Brutus in the title and looking for that noble Roman in vain in the dramatis personæ; and I can conceive him remaining silent, with a sort of meek malice mingled with his instinctive speechlessness; much as he described himself as listening to another man's praises of his brother Henry. Or was it Robert? We ought really to be exact about the gentleman's name; since he did not exist, and his name was all he had.

Photo by Central News.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

Sir James Barrie is the most diffident of men and the most impudent of artists. I mean by impudence a sort of impossibility; a sudden steepness in the story as it winds its way through strange countries, to which I know no parallel, and which I find it very difficult to describe. The combination of a shy temper with a shameless fancy is indeed not so unnatural as some may think. I have met that walking paradox in a few other famous figures. Among all the brilliant men I have known, I have never met a man more genuinely modest than Mr. Max Beerbohm. Having a great sanity of self-criticism, he is quite capable of positive humility; but his artistic reputation has been that of a sort of dandified gamin, whose cheek was the top note of insolence and irreverence. But in the genius of Barrie, I think, there is something much more really complex and contradictory. There is a perversity of fantasy which reacts against fantasy itself; a rebellion in fairyland. If Max made a topsy-turvydom it would be really topsy-turvy. There would not be one tree left standing the right way up by mistake. He is a rationalist even in unreason; and the wonderland would have something of the harmony of one of his eighteenth-century gardens. His Mad Hatter would brush his hat as carefully as Beau Brummel; and would never allow it to be smashed on his head for a practical joke. His March Hare would never be made an April Fool. But in Barrie the imagination works in ways which nobody can expect, even if he is expecting the unexpected. He has a way of being sometimes above himself and sometimes below himself, and often beyond himself, in the only possible sense of the silly phrase about being beyond good and evil. There are things, both good and bad, in his plays which I know not how to describe except by saying that they seem to be put in by somebody else; and y , as the saying is, by somebody else of the same name; and the same nature, only more so. Perhaps this is what is meant by inspiration; but it is a good thing that everybody is not inspired. Sometimes I feel these things merely as inartistic; sometimes I suspect that they are only incongruous in the sense of being too ironic. The truth is that Barrie is a very typical Scot; and there is an error about the international cross-purposes between the Scotsman and the Englishman. It is not so much that he cannot understand a joke as that we cannot understand his jokes. Nevertheless there is a deeper and more

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

Miss Pauline Chase as Peter Pan.

delicate truth, generally misinterpreted, in the statement that a Scotsman jokes with difficulty. It is not so much, as the old phrase goes, that it needs a surgical operation to get the joke into the Scotsman's head. It is that it requires an operation to get the joke out of his head. And Sir James Barrie is a brilliant and slashing surgeon, who has operated on himself.

But there is something wild and unearthly, as of the skirl of pipes or the shrillness of "Caller Herrin'," about Scottish as compared with English laughter. And this appears clearly in the nonsensical masterpieces of the two nations. In the English work of Lewis Carroll, for instance, there is a sort of tidiness which can be realised by comparing it with the glorious and coloured chaos of "Peter Pan." For instance, the Scottish imagination does not draw the line so clearly between the real and the unreal world. I was always moved to a sort of mental mutiny by the dog who acted as a nurse to the children in an ordinary nursery. It would be hardly necessary to go to the Never Never Land, if real life contained things so singularly never-never as that. It seemed to me to be inartistic, strictly speaking, that the domestic foreground should be almost as fantastic as the fairy background. But that may possibly be merely because I am English. I am as English as the young lady who bore the unfortunate English name of Alice. Alice found a wildly different world on the other side of the Looking Glass; but she found the ordinary world on this side of the Looking Glass; and it was a very ordinary world. It contained, if I remember right, nothing more exciting than a kitten. Now if the kitten had taken out a little brush and comb, and begun to do Alice's hair for her, we should be prematurely surprised. Yet that action by the cat would be an exact artistic parallel to the action by the dog. It is a matter of taste, I take it, and possibly, as I suggest, a matter of national taste. I can enjoy the dog in the nursery as much as anybody, and admire the man of genius who conceived him; but I think I admire him as a distinguished foreigner.

Of course there is much of this beautiful bewilderment, and overflowing of boundaries, in the whole drama and in the whole work of the dramatist. "Peter Pan" is more of a dream for adults than for children; it is more full of memory than expectation or decision. I have known children a little confused by it; because it is not quite logical enough for childhood. It is not a fairy tale; it is simply fairyland. It comes to us in a fragmentary form; because that is the form in which our own old dreams about pirates and Red Indians come to us. But there was something more than the dissolving views of "Peter Pan" in that little wood which appeared and disappeared in the background of "Dear Brutus"; it rounded our little lives with a sleep; and maintained, while it transfigured, the unities of time and place.

J. M. BARRIE AND THE STAGE.

BY ALFRED SUTRO.

SIR JAMES BARRIE told me once that, at the time when he was writing "My Lady Nicotine," he had practically never smoked at all; had merely, in an amateurish way, toyed now and again with a cigarette—and hadn't liked it. But his friends smoked—a tobacconist's shop interested him—and the rest came. His imagination supplied all the smoker's sensations: in his imagination he was a devotee, and no cigar was too black for him.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Alfred Sutro.**

My first meeting with him was when "Peter Pan" was about to be put into rehearsal; he read to me a series of instructions he had drawn up for the guidance of the actors: these instructions were almost as deliciously humorous as the play. He wrote them as easily as he had written the play—with the same keen enjoyment. For of course he *was* Peter, the wise child—and a wise child he has remained to this day—with a touch of genius, which does not fall to the lot of all wise children. And what an achievement is "Peter Pan"! What an achievement to have written a play that all children love, generation after generation—and a play to which the Olympians, the grown-ups, are so glad to take the children! I wonder how many actresses have played Peter: played the part for a year or two, then outgrown it, and been succeeded by another, and then another, and another. . . . And so it will go on: for, whatever may be the fate of the modern clever play, "Peter Pan," which is so superbly non-clever, will endure and continue.

Many years ago I took Maeterlinck to see Barrie at his flat in the Adelphi. Asked to write his name on the whitewashed wall of the study, Maeterlinck added, above his signature, "Au père de Peter Pan, et au grandpère de L'Oiseau Bleu." This was probably no more than a graceful compliment—but there is something of the wise child in Maeterlinck, too: and Peter, if he had thought of it, might have said, like Tyltyl, "there are no dead."

There is an audacity in Barrie, a cool daring that is almost unique. He ventures to put things on the stage, do things on the stage, which any other author would declare to be impossible. Was there ever anything so preposterous as Lob in "Dear Brutus": Lob who appears and vanishes, weeps and groans under the table, and hops about like a squirrel? And yet, somehow, Lob was a real person. They were all real persons in "Dear Brutus," a play which I hold to be the finest written for many a year. Its philosophy was so simple,

so unobtrusive, so near to the heart of things; it came so curiously home to oneself, to one's own hopes, one's own gladness and sorrow; it had so naïve a charm, was so delicately wistful, moved one so naturally to laughter and to tears. There are few scenes in any play more poignant than the one in which he who for half an hour had believed himself to be a father discovers that there is no child, that the daughter whom he loved so dearly never had been.

Audacity! Who but Barrie would have dared to put "Mary Rose" on the stage? I am not claiming that the play is faultless; one could pick holes in it, if one would—but that is the critic's business: mine is to marvel at the imagination that could conceive Mary Rose, this girl who is suddenly snatched from the world, and returns, after many years, unchanged and unaltered, in her freshness and youth, to find herself forgotten by those whom she loved so dearly, who had once so dearly loved her—forgotten, and almost unwelcome! Who but Barrie would have dared to begin at the end, and then pilot us backwards, with extraordinary mastery, through all that had gone before—till we return to the scene with which the play had opened—and understand. "Mary Rose" may not be flawless, but no one who has seen the play will ever forget its haunting cadences, its strangely pathetic glimpses into the other side of things.

Photo by Ellis & Walery. **Miss Pauline Chase and Mr. Gerald du Maurier in "Pantaloon."**

The art of the drama, like all the arts, is undergoing changes, and many of the most notable plays of the day make appeal only to the cultured few, and not to the great mass of theatre-goers. These plays serve their admirable purpose; it is well that there should be writers who, seeking only to express themselves and the thought that is in them, leave out of calculation the commercial value of their work and turn a deaf ear to box office blandishments. It is the rare good fortune of Sir James Barrie that he is most attractive—and to all classes of theatre-goers—when he is most truly himself; like Dickens, he finds his way without effort to the heart of the people; like Dickens, he possesses the common denominator that is given to so few who write.

J. M. BARRIE, THE TRAGEDIAN.

BY SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.

TO me, one of the most remarkable things about J. M. Barrie (he will excuse me—but I cannot call him Sir James) is his high position with a people which has grown too small for tragedy. The fear of tragedy is characteristic of us now—it came first with the rise of the middle classes at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The castle and the gutter have always accepted tragedy, but Laburnum Villa, Surbiton, clicks its neat gate in her face. Now in these post-war days, when tragedy sits on so many middle-class doorsteps, Laburnum Villa not only clicks the gate but pulls down the blinds. We get rid of her, as in England we get rid of most things, by assuring ourselves she is not there, though a few brave souls, such as the Marriage Law Reformers, have gone so far as to cast the mantle of Mrs. Grundy over her and make her at least respectable.

Photo by Reginald Haines. **Miss Sheila aye-Smith.**

Things being so, I am astonished at the popularity of Barrie, the great tragedian. Of course I know it is partly due to his cleverness in disguising himself as a humorist. "Barrie is *so* amusing," says Mrs. Smith, and forgets that she generally comes home from a Barrie performance with a sopping handkerchief in her bag. Another reason is probably that Barrie's tragic themes are so vitally tragic that many people do not consciously see any tragedy in them at all. "PeterPan," for instance—what is there of tragedy in "Peter Pan"? Nothing, except that it is a child's dream, fulfilled only

in the Never Never Land. Then there is "Mary Rose." The muffled sobs of the audience are heard above the voices of the players, but I think they are crying chiefly because Mary Rose has lost her child, whereas the real tragedy of Mary Rose (I respectfully ask J. M. Barrie if this is not true) is that she has lost Faery Land, to which she so tragically and inevitably belongs that even her son's arms are her exile. . . .

This is Barrie's art, then—he can handle that most tragic of all subjects, Faery Land. Faery Land is tragic to us now, because we are banished. Barrie puts the tragedy of our exile before us, and the worst part of the tragedy is that we don't see it. "Mary Rose . . . Mary Rose . . ." cries the Island that Likes to be Visited to each one of us, but our tragedy is not that, like Barrie's wonderful girl, we hear the cry and obey it, but that we do not hear it—because we are trying to live on two pounds a week or with somebody else's wife, or any other little thing that we call tragedy.

Barrie is a merchant of dreams, of broken bubbles. As he shows us their lovely colours, and sets us laughing and snatching at their vanishing shapes he does not ask us for our tears. If we shed them it is because some half-conscious half-forgotten thing in us is stirred by his magic and wakes for a moment—giving us scarcely more than a pleasant thrill of exile. It is this lightness of touch, this brightness of vision, which blinds us to the fact that we have in our midst a great tragedian. That we receive him when we would receive no other, when we would kick out Sophocles and Æschylus, merely shows his genius. He has been inspired to see that the greatest tragedy of human life to-day is that its tragedy cannot be faced, that it can only be shown us by a trick—the trick of laughter.

J. M. B.

By Gerald du Maurier.

"A PLAY is as good as it's acted." A well-known dramatic author once said this to me—I will not mention his name, in case he denies having said it, and perhaps he didn't. Anyhow, that's what he said. Perhaps it was a very obvious remark. At the same time if one sees Shakespeare badly acted, it is not Shakespeare that suffers, it is the audience. But with a slightly written play, that has situations requiring delicate handling, the author is at the mercy of his depicters (please forgive this word) and must stand and fall by his producer. Not so J. M. Barrie; his plays are like the royal and ancient game of golf—either you can play, or you simply cannot. I have had the privilege of reading some of them before anyone else, with a view to production, and I have very often not got away from the tee at all, used the most horrible language, and helplessly thrown away the club, or rather the manuscript. But always, I have taken it up again, knowing that I was but a humble and very erratic player of the game. To work for him, and play for him, and produce for him is always a pleasure, the sort of pleasure one gets from guessing an acrostic, or trying to think of some one else's name, and at last remembering it, before falling off to sleep. His rather shamefaced way of saying that he doesn't quite remember what he meant by such-and-such a line, and cutting it out, is not altogether to be trusted. The line usually creeps back, and either gets a roar of laughter, or a lump in the throat, or causes some one to leave the theatre, and take to drink!

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield. **Mr. Gerald du Maurier.**

It is never wise to flout Barrie's suggestions at rehearsals—after all, he has written the play, don't you know—and when he removes his pipe from his mouth, and expresses an opinion that the heroine ought to wear a moustache in the love scene, it is best for the producer to leave the stage for a minute or two, smoke a cigarette, and trust to Providence. As likely as not, there will be a leading article in *The Times*, saying that the most poignant moment in the new Barrie play was when Jean decided to shave.

When Barrie is at his best, and hitting the ball far and true, he is difficult to beat. In my opinion, he achieves this in the first act of "What Every Woman Knows." I remember hearing it read, and glowing with satisfaction like a gourmet after a good omelette. When the first night came, I was almost sick with fear that I should spoil the part of John Shand. I need not have worried; nobody could spoil it; that would be an achievement in itself.

For sheer fun, from an actor's point of view, give me James Hook, on the deck of his own ship, putting the gaff into his crew. That is life at its fullest. My one regret is that it was not written thirty or forty years ago, with Henry Irving on the bridge. I should have lived in the gallery, or died in the attempt to get there—and the author would have been in the wings. Ellen Terry as Peter Pan, and Irving as Hook, would have pleased Barrie, and the play might have lived. As it is, we have had to put up with mere camp followers, amongst whom, I am proud to say, I happened to be first.

Once or twice I have known Barrie take a fancy to a member of the company who was playing quite an insignificant part, and it is then he must be watched closely. It may be a fat man with a queer-looking eye, at the back of a stage crowd. In a day or two, J. M. B. will be down at rehearsal with some closely-written, quite illegible, sheets of notepaper, and say, "I want

Photo by Histed.

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER.

somebody to speak these lines"; the man is dragged from his obscure position, and taught to utter them, with great difficulty, which he does for the run of the play. When the piece comes off, he naturally thinks he is a born comedian, and goes about looking for engagements for the rest of his life. There are lots of us about; I have been rather lucky.

Barrie was very pleased with the father and daughter scene in "Dear Brutus," of the original MS. of which I am the happy possessor. One day, whilst waiting for him, I was trying to stand on my hands against one of the tree trunks—I had just seen a little boy doing it in the street—I was wagering Miss Faith Celli, who played the part of Margaret so charmingly, that I could do it with a little practice. Barrie appeared at the side of the stage, thinking we were rehearsing a scene in the play; he looked very pleased and said, "I rather like that, but I think Margaret ought to copy you." It was with great difficulty that I persuaded him that this bit of business would not be very effective—but one never knows, he might have been right all the time.

Charles Frohman was a great admirer of Barrie and all his works. I remember once sitting behind him in the stalls at a dress rehearsal. It was the last scene in "Peter Pan." You could just see the tree-tops, and the orchestra was playing John Crook's delightful music—no word was being spoken. I whispered in Frohman's ear, "I think that is the best scene in the play"; he gave a curt nod, and remarked with conviction, "It is the best scene in any play." This is perhaps rather a left-handed compliment to the author, but there it is.

It is my ambition in life to produce many more of Barrie's illusive works, and I hope I shall be allowed to do so. That is why I hope that he will never read this rather ridiculous article; on the other hand, I do not really think he would care a button, as he knows that none of the things I have said about him are quite true. (N.B.—They very nearly are!)

MAGGIE, WENDY, CINDERS, AND SOME OTHERS.

BY HILDA TREVELYAN.

I HAVE the vividest recollection of the wonderful first night of "Peter Pan"—the night when I first played Wendy—I shall never forget it, and thinking of it now makes me live it all over again. I have played Wendy many times—the subsequent Christmas rehearsals at the Duke of York's, when it was from year to year revived, were like happy family parties—but the charm has never worn off. Whenever I was Wendy it seemed as if all that has come into my life since my childhood, all my experience, had suddenly dropped from me, and I felt no older than Wendy herself.

Photo by Rita Martin. **Miss Hilda Trevelyan.**

Children are the severest of critics, but if you satisfy them no adult audience is so whole-hearted in its appreciation. The fairies and all the dainty or grotesque fantasies of "Peter Pan" are very real to them, and unless you can make-believe with all your heart, enter unreservedly into the spirit of the thing and do and say just what in such circumstances they feel you ought to do and say, they see through the pretence and are not to be taken in by it, and not to be pleased by it. It is not merely a stage-play to them; all the characters are real boys and girls and men and women, nothing is impossible and every bit of the story is true, and the thing you have to guard against is doing anything that shall destroy their trust in you and their belief in it, for once they begin to have doubts about it their pleasure in it goes.

For that reason, though I had letters from countless numbers of children—charming letters overflowing with love for Wendy and the keenest sympathy with her in all her adventures—I would never accept any of their appealing invitations to go and have tea with them, even when they were backed by invitations as kind and as urgent from the mothers of many of them—sometimes very important mothers indeed. I had some of my small admirers occasionally to tea with me at the theatre, where I could sit among them still dressed as Wendy, but I knew it would be a mistake if I went to their homes and they found that instead of being a real little girl I was more or less of a grown up, and I took care not to disillusion them like that. One little boy, I remember, wrote a most pressing invitation: "Dear Wendy, I want you so much to come and see me," and then added abruptly, with the odd inconsequence of childhood, "How

Photo by Bassano. **Miss Hilda Trevelyan** In "A Kiss for Cinderella."

high can you climb up a tree?" More than one little girl who wrote entreating me to call and see her, recollecting a scene in the play, concluded with, "And, dear Wendy, do come in your nightie."

After my first season in "Peter Pan" I played Richardson in "Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," and later, when it went on tour, took the part of Amy, and had the privilege of acting with Miss Ellen Terry and, naturally enough, I felt at first a little nervous. There is a scene in that play between mother and daughter which I was to act with Miss Terry and I wondered how I should come through the ordeal. But my nervousness vanished as soon as I came in touch with her. Her own art is so natural and sympathetic that I found myself answering her lead instinctively. Her personality permeated the whole part without any conscious or unconscious effort. I imagine that a musician playing with another and a great musician must know the delight I experienced in acting in her company. Instead of being anxious I found myself at once perfectly at ease, all my nervousness vanished and I was eager only to do my best.

I have loved every part I have taken in the plays of Sir James Barrie, but none more than the part of Maggie Wylie in "What Every Woman Knows." Yet just at first it almost frightened me, not only because I felt the beauty and greatness of Maggie's character, but it was necessary for me to master the Scottish dialect in order to present it. I went North on purpose to study the dialect, and though I am afraid the result was far from perfection, I know that at least one person must have considered it was right, and he was a Welshman. For, later on, when I was acting in a Welsh play in London, a man among the audience was heard to remark: "Well, indeed, a while ago, when I heard her playing in 'What Every Woman Knows,' I would have sworn she was Scotch, but now I know she is Welsh, whatever!"

My first appearance in any Barrie play was as Babbie in "The Little Minister"; and my last was as dear "Cinders" in "A Kiss for Cinderella." I succeeded Miss Boucicault as Moira in "Little Mary"; and I have also played in "The Admirable Crichton"; "The Twelve Pound Look," and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." I can only repeat that from first to last I have loved every part I have taken in these plays, but more than even Wendy and "Cinders," who come next in my affections, I love the wonderful part of Maggie, in "What Every Woman Knows," and always think that I spent with her some of the happiest times of my life.

"MARY ROSE."

By Fay Compton.

YOU want me to say something about "Mary Rose"? Well, but I am not sure I have anything to say of it, except that I think it the most beautiful and wonderfully imaginative play that has been put on the London stage for very many years, and that I feel it a great honour to be entrusted with the leading part in it.

Photo by Rita Martin. **Miss Fay Compton.**

When I first read it I was charmed with the strange pathos of the story, and was not in the least surprised when I found how powerfully it appealed to the play-going public. I don't think it is the curious supernatural element, the eeriness of certain of its scenes, that takes such a hold on people; it is just the intense, poignant humanity of it all, the wistfulness and the delightful humour, that give it its extraordinary fascination. "Mary Rose" is, in fact, another of Sir James Barrie's stories of what every woman knows, and every man.

Its inner meaning? Oh, yes, I know some folk are puzzling themselves to discover interpretations for its elusive fantasies, but I am contented to take it all as a simple, moving tale of human happiness and human sorrow. They say "The Island That Likes To Be Visited" stands for the spirit world, for the land of the unknown which subtly lures the thoughts and fancies of all of us; but I prefer to take it literally, as one of those magical, haunted places that folk-lore and fairy stories accept as realities—a place that is under the spell of the fairies who carry Mary Rose away into their invisible wonderland, as they carried away Kilmeny in the Ettrick Shepherd's ballad. When she comes back, she has no remembrance of where she has been, but the experience has, in subtle ways, made her different from normal persons. Then when she revisits the island and vanishes again after the birth of her son, isn't it natural, in the many years that follow, that her father and mother should cease to grieve and, except at times, forget about her? It is absurd to say, as some do, that this is a cynical and a cruel touch; isn't it the truth? And what a miserable world it would be if it were not!

Then for the finish. I do not for a moment believe that, as has been suggested, Sir James meant that for a covert rebuke to spiritualism, hinting that communion with the other world brings misery on the dead as well as on the living. Mary Rose, returning again from fairy-land, after many years, as young as when she was spirited away, is bewildered to find her husband so much older, and her parents grown such elderly people; and she dies still yearning to see the son who was a child when she left him, and this desire is so great that she haunts the old house, restlessly seeking him. He

had run away to sea, you remember, and when, at last, he comes back as a big, bluff man in the Australian Army, she does not know him, and he, realising that it is not him, but the child of her memories she is looking for, mercifully refrains from disclosing his identity.

Doesn't this mean that he leaves her to go on haunting the old house uselessly ever after? No. I think that, though she is not aware that she has found her son, she goes away in the end, with a dim, subconscious feeling that she has found what she had so long been seeking. Besides, you must not overlook the suggestion of that moment, near the close, when she falters and cannot recall what it is she was looking for—as if, with the passing of time, spirits, like human beings, were comforted with the boon of forgetfulness.

Anyhow, as I say, I accept it all simply as it is told, and feel we may be grateful for the genius that can imagine so perfect a story for us. Of course, it is possible to read inner meanings into every great thing in literature; it is part of its greatness that it suggests to every one so much more than it tells. There is the story of Perseus, for example: do you suppose the Greek poets meant it to have the allegorical meanings that modern students have given it? To them, I am sure, it was only an amazing romance of a hero, some gods and a woman, to say nothing of the sea monster, but because we no longer believe in the gods of the early world we—or some of us—try to transform it into a fable full of hidden significance, and those who no longer believe in fairies are trying to do the same with "Mary Rose." But I don't want to do anything but believe in fairies again when it is Sir James Barrie who writes of them, and so I have no difficulty in taking "Mary Rose" as a beautiful and enchanting story, and I'm sure that is the best way to enjoy and to understand it. There are still, you know, more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in most of our philosophy, but I, for one, am glad that Sir James can dream of them in his and tell us his dreams.

THE PLAYS OF SIR J. M. BARRIE.

BY SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT, THE RIGHT HON. J. R. CLYNES, "RITA," BEATRICE HARRADEN, HAROLD BEGBIE, MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD, SIR OLIVER LODGE, J. E. BUCKROSE, ARTHUR RACKHAM, AND JEROME K. JEROME.

SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT:

Let me, in answer to the question as to which play written by Sir James Barrie I like the most, say this: "The Little Minister," "Peter Pan," "The Admirable Crichton," "What Every Woman Knows," "Dear Brutus," enchanted playgoers in their turn; but, to my mind, "Mary Rose" leaves us far deeper in the little wizard's debt, although there are many clever people—ardent lovers of the theatre—to whom the fairy story of everyday life does not in the least appeal. I can only suppose they are too "material" to accept the "impossible." To them it is a sealed book; that is their loss. To those to whom it does appeal the gain is great, granted that Romance is still their proud possession and their tears still tremble near the lids.

Photo by Claude Harris. **Sir Squire Bancroft.**

I have seen the play many times, and hope to see it again and again. I frankly own that nothing on the stage has ever so strangely affected me as the return of Mary Rose, unchanged, from "The Island that Likes To Be Visited," to her changed and aged parents. I bow to the solemn note of the play—Never ask for them to come back. Of course it is all "impossible"—just as "Rip Van Winkle" is "impossible," and, to name loftier examples, just as the doings of Portia and Puck, Rosalind and Viola, Ariel and Miranda, are "impossible." It is in my second childhood, as it was in my first—to use the words of "Mary Rose," "Lovely, lovely, lovely"—to visit the haunts of the fairies and to share their dreams.

SQUIRE BANCROFT.

THE RIGHT HON. J. R. CLYNES:

The work of Sir J. M. Barrie has not been merely work for the stage. It has in one sense been work for the State.

For his dramatic and literary labour collectively has lifted both fellowship and citizenship and done much to improve the good-will and humour of many thousands of people.

I single out no particular play in work which altogether is too good to be criticised by any discrimination of mine.

J. R. CLYNES.

MRS. DESMOND HUMPRHEYS ("Rita"):

Sir J. M. Barrie's work stands out distinctly from that of any other modern dramatist by reason of its original methods. It is curiously impersonal and yet sympathetically human. It seems to play around the various kinks and cranks of humanity, yet never present them with harsh judgment, or unkind intent. I admire his art so much that I find it difficult to make special choice of any special instance of its charm.

Perhaps my favourite play is "What Every Woman Knows," because in that particular play he appeals to the little spice of vanity in every woman's nature, her consciousness that she is reading a man's weakness, playing on it, and yet exalting him in his own estimation. In "Mary Rose" we see the same femininity hiding the same sense of power. It is wonderful how Barrie does it. The art is so delicate, so interwoven with the material displayed, that it defies description.

It is art, of course; the art with which the painter presents his subject, coloured and visualised by the *media* of his own personality; the power of sympathetic insight into the soul of things; of reaching to depths hidden from ordinary vision. But it is very wonderful, and very beautiful. One leaves the theatre after witnessing a Barrie play with a surer belief in the goodness of humanity, in the influence of woman, and the joy and loveliness of little children.

To paint and teach such things is to be in tune with things spiritual as well as material. To be, in fact, the one and only Barrie!

"RITA" (MRS. DESMOND HUMPHREYS).

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN:

I think the only thing I have to say is that "The Admirable Crichton" is the play of Barrie's which I admire most. It is many years since I saw it, but it has always lingered in my memory as a most delightful piece of work.

BEATRICE HARRADEN.

"They were swept away on the arms of the impatient Captain."

From "Quality Street," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Hugh Thomson (Hodder & Stoughton).

HAROLD BEGBIE:

For me the genius of Barrie lies in the extreme gentleness with which he makes us feel, in an age overwhelmed by economics, that life is beautiful and the universe wonderful. His voice is never strident; his gestures are never pugilistic. He sees humanity rushing away from the sources of happiness, but does not fling himself in its path to be trodden underfoot. Instead, he sits down by the eternal springs, takes a reed from his pocket, and blows so sweet a strain that many detach themselves from the herd and are content to wait a little longer for the millennium.

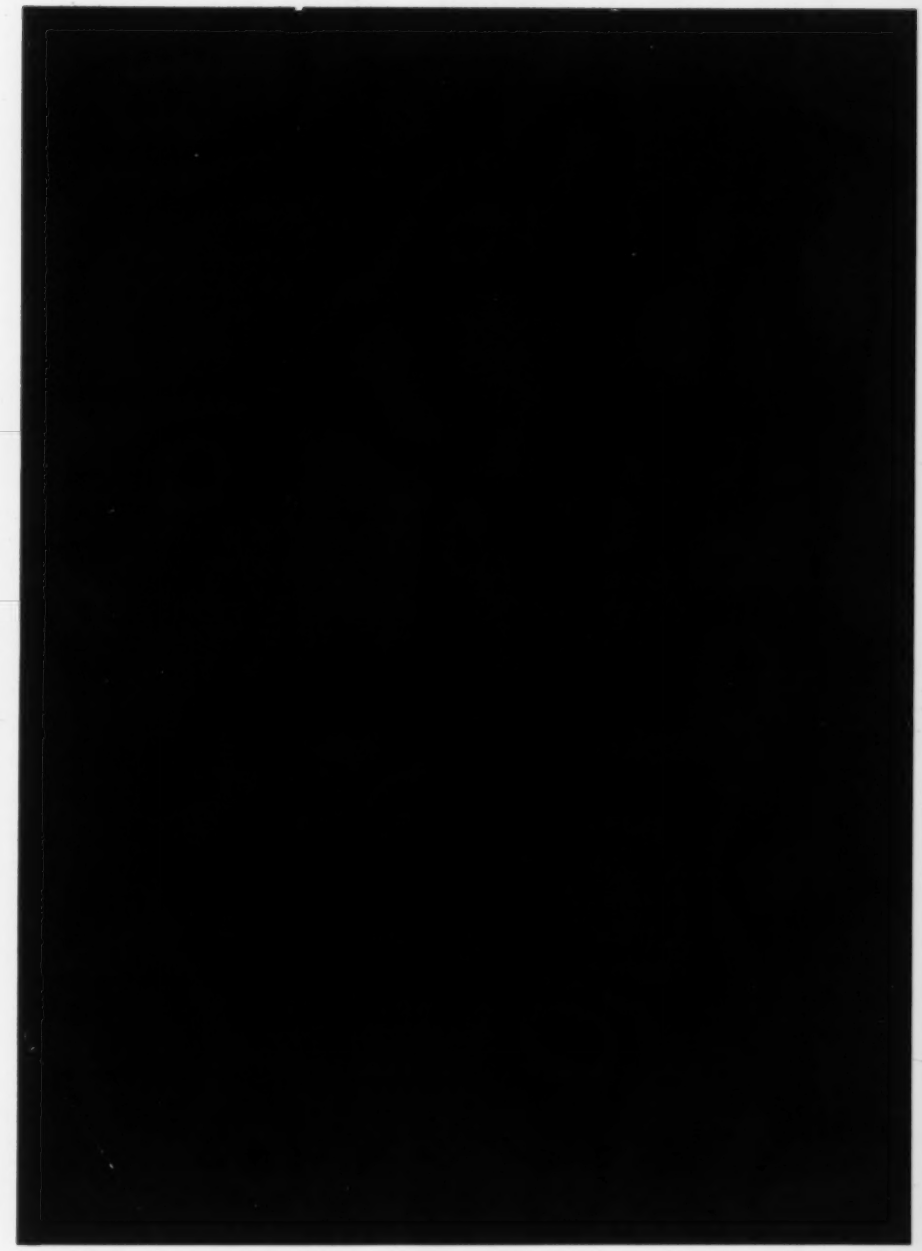
Men have ceased from the immemorial search for a theory of the universe. Agnosticism has become indifference. Instead, then, of the big thing, Philosophy, we have the little thing, Politics; and instead of the austere thing, Conduct, we have the revolutionary thing, Materialism. In such an atmosphere the stage has largely lost the inspiration which gave it glory in an earlier age. It is either attempting to solve little social problems or ministering to the animal instincts of the baser sort of men. It has forgotten that this wonderful earth belongs to an infinite universe, and that man is a creature torn between two worlds. Footlights surround the trough. Beyond the trough is nothing but the trapdoor of annihilation.

Barrie does not challenge this materialistic phase. Either his heart is too gentle or his mind too calm for the violence of battle. He is like those greatest of the sons of men in his gentleness towards the human race, the founders of religions who never grew heated in their teaching and who set up no machinery for the propagation of wisdom. Nothing, I imagine, can so move his smile as the criticism of those distressed minds absorbed in sex-problems and convinced of their own greatness that he is himself a Peter Pan who has never grown up. He knows that the Kingdom of Heaven must be received like a little child, and finds himself happier in that kingdom than in the scullery of the house of life. Like Ruskin, he does not so much wonder at what men suffer as at what they miss. For him the earth, and so the stage, is full of wonder.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD:

Unfortunately, I have not seen all Sir J. M. Barrie's plays—not "Dear Brutus," for instance, which some people consider his masterpiece. Of those I have seen I like best "What Every Woman Knows," and "Mary Rose," which is not only beautiful, but has a haunting thrill to it. Of course there is the immortal "Peter Pan"; but that is not so much a play as a joyful happening, such as Valentine's Day was in one's youth or the waits on Christmas Eve at midnight, just before Santa Claus came down to fill one's stockings—it's that sort of thing. The strength of his plays surely lies in their humane qualities. His people are alive, no matter how fantastic their doings. And he has so much humorous understanding and such



MISS FAY COMPTON AS MARY ROSE.

From "MARY ROSE", the play by J. M. BARRIE.
Drawing by LEO BATES.
(Copyright, Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

XUM

infinite tenderness, with an underlying sadness, that one goes away from the theatre with a comfortable but occasionally chastened feeling, more content with the world, or at least more tolerant.

LUCY CLIFFORD.

SIR OLIVER LODGE:

Sir J. M. Barrie's view of social problems, depicted in "The Admirable Crichton," interested me very much, and it was obviously an exalted play. So was his more recent psychological study called "Dear Brutus." Like every one else, I admire the genius that can take up a simple-sounding theme and elaborate it into a drama of vivid human interest.

OLIVER LODGE.

J. E. BUCKROSE:

Sir James Barrie is a great writer, but there are others as great in every kind of work which he has done, and yet he occupies a niche all by himself in the minds of his contemporaries as well as in the literary history of his generation. How has he been able to do this at a time when really good writers are plentiful? That is a question which must interest every lover of literature no less than the particular admirers of Barrie's works, and I think the reply can only be found by seeking through the memories of our own childhood.

If we can remember, even faintly, how we felt on going far enough into a deep wood to be aware of its silence—not afraid, exactly, and yet thrilled by the sense that nothing was too fearful and delightful and wonderful to happen—we are getting "warm," as the children say at hide-and-seek. We are coming close to the hiding-place of that secret.

For by some inward power that Barrie has kept from childhood, he can still feel about life as we did about the wood. And, alone of all who write, he can make this delightful wonder shine through his plays, so that those of us who are grown up greet something which we knew once long ago and never expected to meet again; while the children themselves recognise gleefully and at once, things they are feeling now.

But the author of all this pleasure has to remain somehow a stranger in the world, just because he possesses a quality more than the rest of us, and so is different. He will always go on giving the impression that he was born in some tall, forlorn tower in Fairyland and has never been quite at home here—despite the fun and sympathy and deep knowledge of human nature with which he writes of life.

The Monthly Gatherings.

Lord Loam (*shaking hands with his valet*): "How do you do, Rolleston?"
From "The Admirable Crichton," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Hugh Thomson (Hodder & Stoughton).

J. E. BUCKROSE.

ARTHUR RACKHAM:

Except to say what a very great joy Sir James Barrie's plays always are to me and that, if I have with difficulty to make a choice, "Dear Brutus" perhaps gave me most pleasure of all. I don't think I can make any more remarks that you would like to quote in THE BOOKMAN.

ARTHUR RACKHAM.

JEROME K. JEROME:

The great asset of Barrie to the English stage lies in his being able to get sentiment over the London footlights. Most of us have tried it, and most of us have failed. But for Barrie the present-day drama would be given over entirely to cynicism and brutality. Barrie alone has the genius to force the public to listen to kindliness, tenderness and pity. What the stage will be like when he is gone I dread to think. My prayer is that the catastrophe may not occur in my time.

JEROME K. JEROME.

XUM

WHAT THE AUDIENCE THINKS.

"MARY ROSE" AND "PETER PAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

RESULTS.

These two Competitions have aroused very great interest and the response to them has been not only numerous but, in the case of "Mary Rose," very satisfactory. So many of the brief essays are so well done and admirably suggestive that it has not been easy to arrive at a decision, but after careful consideration, for the best interpretation of the inner meaning of

"MARY ROSE"

we have awarded the First Prize of Two Guineas to the Rev. George Gardner, Archdeacon of Cheltenham, of Applegarth, Cheltenham, and the Second Prize of One Guinea to Margaret A. Fountain, of Levana, Wimbledon Park, S.W.19, for the following :

The dominant idea indicated elusively in "Mary Rose," not indeed by actual words but through the interplay of character upon character, seems to be nothing less than this—a suggestion of the profound separation that must lie between existence in time and existence in eternity.

The heroine, by a perfectly legitimate use of the old conventions of fairyland, is removed for a number of years into some hidden realm, where ordinary modes of spiritual and physical growth are inhibited. Just so, when fruit is placed in a cold storage, a stop is put for a time to the normal process of ripening. Pitiful tragedy ensues when poor Mary Rose comes back to her old ways and surroundings. Her friends, and in particular her baby boy, have moved on to new planes of life and interest, while she dwells only in the past.

A further deduction is inevitable. Suppose that one removed by the accident of death from the changing life of humanity does not, as it were, enter a cold storage, but passes into an existence where mental and spiritual progress are carried on with extraordinary vigour. Plainly, any return of such a being to his former environment could only involve misconception, bewilderment and pain. This being so, there may well be reasons in the very nature of things why our separation from departed friends has, for the present, to be irrevocable and insurmountable.

In the assertion and the partial justification of this age-long and perplexing fact of mortal experience, I seem to find the underlying, if unexpressed, thought at the back of Sir James Barrie's delicate fantasy.

GEORGE GARDNER.

WENDY'S STORY

From "Peter and Wendy," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated by F. D. Bedford (Hodder & Stoughton).

For Mary Rose the island is the "beginning of loveliness"; it is a "bit of heaven fallen down splosh into the loch." For us it may represent the land of our dreams, our highest aspirations and most beautiful imaginings. Many of us visit it, as Mary Rose did, at the dawn of womanhood, when we get our first glimpse of the mystery of Life and Love and come back changed. She is very near it again at her betrothal, and nearer still when she has a husband and little child. Love was the most beautiful thing she had found on the island, and it was the voice of a still higher Love in the Unknown which called her away from her husband and child.

After twenty-five years she was found on the island "with such joy in her face as she slept that it was a shame to waken her." But she was wakened and brought back, by non-comprehending people, to the old life in which now she had no place.

"Do you think she should have come back?" is the question put to the bereaved souls in the audience who are hungering for a lost Mary Rose. For her reappearance in the material world necessitated the readoption of her old body, with its brain cells stored with unchanged memories. This world of change is no place for such, hence the shock and sorrow for all concerned. Called away by the voice of Love to the greater heaven of which the world of imagination is but the threshold, she was happy. Driven out of the world by Fear and Distrust she could not find the island straight away. Its call was only heard by her again when, as before with Simon so now with Harry, Love drove out fear of the Unknown.

MARGARET A. FOUNTAIN.

From among the large number of replies received, we select the following for printing, and to each of the writers we send a consolation prize of a book :

In his play of "Mary Rose" I think Barrie intends to convey, in the most tender, delicate and wistful way, a warning against modern spiritualism. Of course when Mary Rose is called by the fairies to that happy world of play which

might be taken to represent the place which we call Paradise, there is no attempt on the part of her husband or parents to use supernatural means to bring her back. But Barrie would seem to be striving to show his belief that the dead, when they leave us, suffer an arrest of development—the child remains a child, and the old grow no older for the years that pass.

We develop and grow away from them (though not necessarily forgetting them or loving them less), and if we try to bring them back a great gulf of thought and feeling and experience divides us from them which can only bring pain and dissatisfaction to both.

Furthermore, in bringing them back we may awaken memories and longings for that which they formerly held dear that may hold them earthbound and prevent their spirits passing back into peace and rest. Thus we see the returned Mary Rose with awakened memory asking for her child, and, later on, as a pathetic, little, wandering ghost, searching, ever searching, for that lost baby of hers, and held back by that longing and that search from the land of peace and play from which she has been exiled.

This, surely, is Barrie's warning to those sorrowful ones, wives and mothers and the rest, who long and strive to call back into communication with earth the lost beloved ones whose loss has broken their hearts and left desolate their lives. Every day Time widens the gulf between us and our dead, and if we call them back who knows of what happy peace we may be robbing them?

(D. K. Boileau, Woodford, Chantry Lane, Grimsby.)

The idea of the play may have been suggested by 2 Corinthians xii. 2–4.

1. Perhaps the most useful inner meaning appears to be that, human existence being uncertain—any meeting with a person being possibly the last—every one should be treated by us with the same kindly consideration as we should desire we had practised were we to hear of their death or apparently hopeless separation. This lesson learned would sweeten life's relations and prevent unavailing remorse.

2. One moral is that the return of the departed (supposed to be or actually dead) would not be an unmixed boon. After years, we should be so altered that the meeting, being a disenchantment to the visitor, would be strained and unhappy.

3. As Mary Rose's removal and experience away from the island left a happy impression upon her, so that she did not fear to return to the island, so should the prospect of our departure from earth at any time not alarm us. The best is yet to be to the believing.

4. Any of us may hear the call (as Mary did, of and from the island)—the call of duty or the unseen—that made Abraham quit Mesopotamia and journey to Canaan, and William Carey sail as first Protestant missionary to India.

5. The play represents the departed as not growing any older. We shall thus be able to recognise them as we have known them.

6. It is shown that the departed never forget those they have left on earth, but long for reunion (Mary's spirit was searching for her baby).

(Dr. A. Bruce Low, 1, Holden Road, North Finchley, N.12.)

The true fairy tale is simple and gay; it never points a moral, nor has it an inner meaning save that with which we ourselves invest it. But try and reduce a fairy tale to terms of the workaday world, and at once the doors fly open to an infinity of questions, for humanity is both complicated and sad.

From "Peter and Wendy," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated by F. D. Bedford (Hodder & Stoughton).

That, to my mind, is the whole mystery of "Mary Rose." We could laugh at "Peter Pan" in the days of our youth, for it is almost pure faery, but now its author gives us something more suited to our staider years, a wistful legend of the Gaelic fireside, plays around it with his ingenious fancy (this shall be no crofter's brat, but a gently-born Southerner child whom the Little People claim), and finds that, after all, his theme is tragic. Some may say he wrote it to comfort those who have lost their loved ones, to show the folly and futility of wishing them back on earth again, but surely it is permissible to imagine that he tackled it in a spirit of pure literary curiosity, and afterwards did his best to deal tenderly with the problem of the poor little time-displaced ghost he had himself evoked.

And what is the lesson of the play save a warning to us all to skim lightly over the surface of things—not to ponder overmuch on the fate of Starkey in the crocodile's interior, lest it should be upsetting, nor linger too long on haunted islands, nor probe too deeply in the mysteries of worlds beyond our ken, nor, if we would not weep, rake over the ashes of an old wives' tale to conjure up the piteous figure of a Mary Rose.

(Helen Vaughan Williams, 5, Endsleigh Street, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.)

Supposing there were an island on the outskirts of Paradise, an island geographically placed in the Hebrides but on the spiritual plane forming a link between this world and the world unseen, an island that could be visited from time to time by certain chosen ones who could hear the call of the invisible world and who during their stay never grew old—ought those who had visited the island

Some one outside has been whistling to Tweeny.

From "The Admirable Crichton," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white, by Hugh Thomson (Hodder & Stoughton).

to return to their earthly life again? If they did, what would be the effect on themselves and on those who loved them?

It is some such question as this that Barrie has set himself to answer in "Mary Rose." "Mary Rose" is not primarily a play with a purpose, it is primarily a work of art. But every true work of art teaches something. The lesson that "Mary Rose" teaches is that the relations between this world and the next are too delicate to be tampered with.

If spiritualism could succeed in its efforts, if materialisation beyond the wildest dreams of mediums could take place, our earth would be peopled with pathetic figures like that of Mary Rose when she returns (still a girl) to find her parents grey-headed and her boy husband a middle-aged man.

The distraught ghost in the last scene, wandering in search of her baby, is the necessary corollary of the former heart-breaking return in the flesh.

We cannot with safety try to reverse the engines of eternity. "I shall go to him," said the grief-stricken king, "but he shall not return to me."

That is the appointed way. To try another is to court disaster.

(Jane A. S. Edwards, Roshcrville Vicarage, Gravesend.)

It is always an impossible task to explain genius and in "Mary Rose" we feel rather than understand its true signficance.

I think the author is trying to show us the misery of "coming back." In spite of her first childish adventure Mary Rose goes back to "the Island which likes to be visited" and from thence she is spirited away, leaving her friends to mourn her as dead. Then, just as those she has left are beginning to resign themselves and to forget, she comes back to reopen old wounds. Her return brings only pain to herself and to them, and her grief is so pitiful that when her old father says, "Do you think she ought to have come back?" one longs to cry out, "No! A thousand times, no!"

Even when she crossed the great divide her poor spirit cannot rest but comes back to search and search until she has even forgotten the object of her search and does not know when it is ended. This return is the saddest of all.

The only "coming back" in the play which is even partly happy is the return of the soldier son, and it is only the results which are happy—*he* finds sadness enough in it.

It seems to me that in "Mary Rose" Sir James Barrie has opposed the modern spiritualists who say, "Let us bridge the gulf and the dead will come back to us." He says "No! the cost is too great! Let there be no coming back!"

(D. A. Taylor, 25, Ramsden Road, Balham, S.W.12.)

To most of us, during childhood, the fairy music calls, to eyes unclouded by the mists of reality the enchanted islands gleam brightly as the tangible world around us. Often, as we grow older, the motley carnival of life blinds our eyes to the delicate fantasies, our ears are no longer attuned to the call of the Unknown, which is the voice of the mysterious world within ourselves.

Then, one day, the airy fluting returns, in some moment, perhaps, of overwhelming joy or sorrow, for in such moments the soul stands, naked and defenceless, before the eternal verities. Barrie, it seems to me, symbolises in "Mary Rose" the immortal youth of the soul. Age only reaches us through the external senses, our bodies grow old, we behold upon our faces the relentless tracery of the years. Involuntarily we exclaim, "This, this is not I!" Unknowing how or why, we realise that from the Infinite we came, into infinity we pass, bearing the impress of our earthly sojourn, whether of good or ill.

The final lesson which Barrie seems to suggest, is resignation to the irrevocable law of that which, for lack of better definition, we name Death. Would the soul be happy should it return to earth? Surely not. Return would mean unutterable loneliness. New interests engross those who remain; bodily changes alter almost, or entirely, past recognition. The greatest courage is needed not to face death, but life.

The most terrible curse imaginable would be to outlive our beliefs, our hopes, our aspirations, the foolish, lovable fallacies which go to make up the sum of our humanity. Better the call whilst life is at its height, when the sun shines, the flowers blossom, and all things are yet possible.

(G. Laurence Groom, 1, St. Mark's House, Regent's Park Road, N.W.1.)

One does not seek to interpret a sunset, or a beautiful sonata; because the essential fascination of these things lies in the fact that their appeal varies for each individual. Similarly, to the true Barrie-lover the idea of analysing and dissecting him is a desecration only to be equalled by arriving late for a performance.

In this instance, any attempt at explanation must turn upon *where* Mary Rose passed those twenty-five years, and this secret is so carefully guarded that it is evident Barrie would have each solve the problem for himself. We know that no physical explanation is permissible, otherwise she would have returned middle-aged and the terrible ending would have been avoided. It follows, therefore, that we must go to the supernatural for a solution, which means that we may theorise but not dictate.

Seek, with Cameron, to drag the story into "the cold light of remorseless reason," and at once it falls to pieces, and countless difficulties arise. There is no satisfaction that way, and in the process the delicate texture of the fantasy is torn to threds.

At two points pre-eminently is the play at one with human experience. In the boundless pathos of Harry's poignant utterance: "How strange that you who know so much can tell so little!" is voiced the bitter disappointment of so many who believe that they have got into touch with their departed; while the old father's piteous question, "Is it well that the dead should return to find us changed?" finds an echo in the secret feeling of most people regarding the attempted recall of spirits. We know that we shall go

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1920.

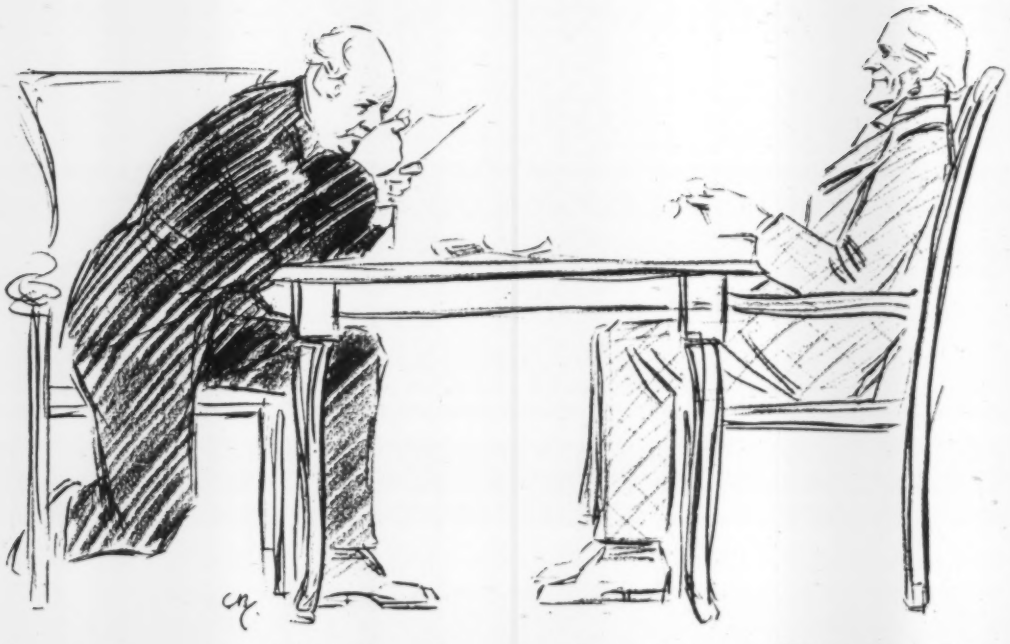
"MARY ROSE"

By J. M. BARRIE

Character Sketches by our Special Artist MR. LEO BATES

"Mary Rose"

Mr. Gilbert Whitby as [illegible]



"Mary Rose"

Mr. Gilbert Whitby as Mr. Amy — Mr. Norman Forbes as Mr. Morland

Mary Rose Mr Norman Forbes as Mr. Harland.

"Mary Rose" Miss Mary Jerrold as Mrs Harland

"Mary Rose"

Miss Jean Cadell as Mrs. Otley

"Mary Rose"

Mr. Ernest Thesiger as Cameron

to them, but we would not have them return to us; and if the author *did* intend any lesson—which is doubtful—I believe that it is this.

(S. M. Isaacson, 16, Lexham Gardens, W.8.)

It is doubtful whether Sir James Barrie wishes to convey or inculcate any "lesson" by means of this play, which is purely a fantasy. Sir James revels in the fantastic: his mind is steeped in fairy lore, and he has in "Mary Rose" given free play to his fancy and imagination: he has, so to speak, thrown the reins on the neck of his hobby-horse, and allowed him to wander at his own sweet will "in the realms of faery."

Mary Rose must be assumed to have had, from birth, some affinity with the fairies; had it been otherwise she would never have responded, when a child, to the fairy summons. The call would have passed her by unheard and unheeded. After she was allowed to return, and live, for a space, among mortals once more, it was inevitable that she would, at some time, again receive the call to go back to fairyland, but in the meantime she has a son of her own, and being half mortal as well as half fairy the maternal instinct predominates for a time, and she cannot rest indefinitely among her fairy kinsmen—she is impelled to return to her child. But, fairies having no sense or knowledge of time, Mary Rose does not at first realise that while she has been away her baby has grown up, and that her own parents have grown old, and hence the touching and rather tearful scene that follows.

It must, I think, be assumed that during the interval before the final act of the play Mary Rose has again been recalled to fairyland, but the longing to see her child is so strong that she once more returns and haunts her old home, vainly seeking her child whom she still thinks of as an infant in the nursery. When at last she meets him, and he has taken her on his knee, as she had always hoped he would, her grief is assuaged and she is content to go back and live again among the fairy folk for ever.

Pure fantasy from beginning to end. No "lesson"; only a fairy tale charmingly told, and helped in no small degree by delightfully appropriate and suggestive music, and clever stage effects and perfect acting.

(Alexander H. Capern, 70, East Sheen Avenue, East Sheen, S.W.14.)

People who strive to interpret inner meanings and lessons from J. M. Barrie's "Mary Rose" are usually the sort of people who would like to run electric trams over Dartmoor and prefer a field full of cauliflowers to a copse full of wind-flowers. Everything, they say, is meant to be of some use, therefore leave no stone unturned, and no moments idle till you have discovered that use. You can interpret the inner meaning of a suet pudding—a judicious mixture of nutritious ingredients skilfully manipulated and produced periodically to sustain and fortify the human frame—logically you ought to be able to interpret as easily the inner meaning and lesson of the west wind when it comes a-kissing you in the early morning, after its frolic over the heather and wild thyme. So they cudgel their brains and discuss and argue, and finally satisfy themselves that they have captured the West Wind, and put it in a bottle and labelled it. And naturally they are annoyed and dumbfounded when two minutes after they hear its rippling laugh amid the poplar leaves.

Meanings and lessons are still being attributed to "Mary Rose," and the British public—as greedy to find morals as the duchess was to proclaim them—congratulates itself with each fresh discovery. But the echo of the author's laugh mocks them as the wail "Mary Rose" haunts them, and they know they have not convinced themselves.

Why? Because "Mary Rose" contains no inner meaning; no lesson. It quite simply conveys to us, just this—Mystery, the unknown, the inexplicable exist, they are blended with the ordinary lives of ordinary people, and if we don't accept them as part of ourselves—well, we shall never understand the inimitable charm of Sir James Barrie.

(M. E. Rotton, 45, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.)

All we who know and love Barrie's books and who have been to "Peter Pan" again and again cannot express our real feelings towards his genius and understanding of children, but never have we been as mystified till we saw his wonderful play "Mary Rose." Many of us have seen

Kensington Gardens.

From "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," by J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham (Hodder & Stoughton).

They are so cunning.

From "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," by J. M. Barrie.
With illustrations in colour and black-and-white by Arthur Rackham (Hodder & Stoughton).

it several times, and most of us come away still more puzzled, feeling we cannot rest till we have discovered the author's inner meaning. It is a play which might have so many interpretations, and it seems incredible that Barrie has no lesson for us in it. The general idea seems to be that the Island signifies "Death," but if this is the case, believing that the dead watch over those they have left on earth, Mary Rose would not have looked for her son as a baby when she returned home after an absence of twenty-five years. Another interpretation may be that however much we may wish for the dead to come back to us, and however much they may want to return to earth, we should none of us be happy if we could be together again.

It is a play which sets us thinking more and more each time we visit it, and my impression is that the author means to express the eternity of love. Each time Mary Rose vanishes she does not realise, on her return, that she has ever been away because the love for her parents, her husband and her baby goes on just the same, and it is only when her soldier son makes himself known to her and satisfies the mother-love that she can return to the Unseen World at rest; and so the author shows us that love, real love cannot be destroyed by anything, not even death.

(Michael Stonestreet, 13, Hillcroft Crescent, Ealing, W.5.)

Have you seen Mary Rose? What does he *mean* by it? One hears the question on all sides. And what *does* he mean by it?

In the sense of what inner meaning does "he" intend us to extract and apply to ourselves as a "lesson"; why surely, nothing at all.

Sir James Barrie is a poet, not a preacher.

Mary Rose is not entirely new. She has her predecessors in Mary Bruin, in Kilmeny; nevertheless she appears to us in all the arresting power of a revelation because she is the perfect interpretation of a perfect inspiration. Delicately conceived, she is delicately wrought, unmarred by over-emphasis. "I too will something make and joy in the making," sings the Laureate, and this, it seems to us, is the author's inner meaning underlying "Mary Rose."

But the world in general is too sophisticated contentedly to accept so simple a thing of beauty, at its face value. It must needs probe for some ulterior depth of meaning of infinitely less worth.

"Mary Rose" is essentially poetry and therefore free from didacticism. If we must draw a moral let it be this:

Certain souls, poets, pagans, dreamers, mystics, pursue their lives less in relation to the world they live in, than in obedience to some unseen influence. Be that power God, Nature, or what you will; when it calls, they cannot choose but follow. As certainly will they return, inasmuch as they leave with us some hostage to infinity. But they have no root with us and we may no more hold them than we can harness the West Wind.

"Mary Rose" is fashioned of the stuff that dreams are made on. Need we inquire its suitability for Sunday wear?

Oh! generation of Psycho-analysts, leave us a little gilt on our gingerbread.

(M. E. Morris, Orestone, St. Mary Church, Torquay.)

It seems almost like pointless violation to probe for an inner meaning beneath the delicate fantasy of Sir J. M. Barrie's latest play. The practice of setting up an obvious moral as a sign unto the Gentiles is largely obsolete. It is as well, however, to seek for the firm rock of some definite idea whereon the great dramatist must have built his faery structure.

To construe the spiriting-away of Mary Rose in any common light is fundamentally absurd. If there is any answer to the problem, it lies on a higher plane than ours. Yet the play partakes in no way of the pure allegory of "Dear Brutus," which does not tempt us to explanations because it is so completely a fairy tale.

The theme of "Mary Rose" recalls "A Well-Remembered Voice," in which Barrie intimated that, whilst he put no faith in the spiritualistic séance, he did believe most

deeply in the Life Hereafter. Beyond that he did not go at the time; but in "Mary Rose" he makes a step forward. It is indubitable that he means us to understand that the periods during which Mary Rose was absent were spent in Heaven. Only—she can tell nothing of her experience because she does not realise it. Those who know the most, tell the least. . . . In that perhaps lies Barrie's attitude towards the present position of spiritualism: there too rests the root idea of "Mary Rose."

(Alan D. Emerson, 7, Belvedere West, Taunton.)

We specially commend the replies from Ila Hearn (Croydon), H. E. Boisseau (Muswell Hill), J. Darbyshire (Carlisle), F. M. Wood (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Mabel A. Rowe (St. Albans), Mona B. Dodds (Ashington), Mabel W. Hanger (Hampstead), F. E. Fleming (Shrewsbury), B. C. Westup (Surbiton), Alan C. Fraser (Broadstairs), E. C. G. (London), V. D. Goodwin (Lyndhurst), Angela Cave (Bournemouth), Edna Norman (Salop), V. L. Paris (Southsea), Kitty Gallagher (Bootle), Victor S. Pritchett (Bromley), M. G. Turner (Windsor), Hannah Richardson (Forest Gate), Vera V. Smyth (Stoke Newington), L. L. Rossiter (London, E.C.), Dorothy L. Beards (Birmingham), "Lyndhurst" (London, N.), Madeleine Constance Munday (Newbury), M. Pesci (London, N.), F. Kemp (Westminster), Millie V. Gregory (Balham), A. M. MacCrindle (St. Ives), Dorothy Cass (Barnsley), F. Southworth (Hampstead), Doris M. Wade (Southport), E. M. Daniel (Chichester), Lilian Wildash (Strood), May King Smith (Beaconsfield), Julie Hunt (Bedford Park), Doris Trampleasure (Balham), M. Terry (Ulverston), Margaret French (Tulse Hill), Delphine Stringer (London, S.W.), R. M. Stoloff (Cricklewood), M. Brown (Sheffield), R. B. Sadler (Balham), Stella Whitaker (East Sheen), Irene Greenwood (Maida Vale), Madeleine North (London, S.E.), Cynthia Gamble (London, S.W.), Margaret McIntyre (Oxford), Ada M. Hudson (Highgate), Mildred Leon (London, S.W.), Mary Harmsworth (Kensington), Ismay Trimble (Muswell Hill), Ethel M. Jones (Nantwich), Dorothy M. West (Acton), Elsie Williams (St. John's Wood), E. W. Caldwell (Ilford), Dorothy Ogden (Prestwich), L. M. Haslam (Canterbury), E. E. Taff (Hirwain), G. J. B. Mission (Newport), M. C. Barnard (London, W.), "Basanos" (Harlesden), Kate Fricker (London, W.), M. Bowden (Stowmarket), D. P. Shaw (Bedford Park, W.).

Perhaps with so many juvenile authors publishing books that not only command success but deserve it, we had expected too much of our Competition for younger readers. Nevertheless, it has produced an extraordinary number of replies, and for the opinions on

"PETER PAN"

from competitors under fourteen we award the First Prize of a Guinea and a Half to Charlie Assheton, of 30, High Street, Hampstead, N.W.3; the Second Prize of One Guinea to Heather McIntyre, of 6, Winchester Road, Oxford, and the Third Prize of Half a Guinea to Bernard Collins, of 8, Thirlmere Road, Streatham, S.W., for the following:

I thought the play was very nice indeed, but when Peter was flying I could see the wires that were attached to his shoulders. They could be seen quite plainly and I did not like that because I wanted to think that they were really flying. Peter Pan and Wendy were very good, but I wished Peter was a real boy instead of a girl.

The pirates were very fine and noisy and just what I thought they ought to be like.

A Fairy Ring.

From "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Arthur Rackham (Hodder & Stoughton).

One of the paths that have made themselves.

From "Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens," by J. M. Barrie.
Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Arthur Rackham (Hodder & Stoughton).

The crocodile was very, very good—it looked like a real one.

The dog Nana was very clever.

I thought the funniest bit of all was at the beginning, when Nana puts the children to bed and Michael won't take his medicine and Wendy thinks that their father ought to take his, but father only pretends to take it.

The prettiest part was at the very end where Wendy goes to help Peter to do his spring-cleaning in the little house on the tree tops, but the part I liked best of all was where the pirates are on the ship with the children and Wendy. I wish I could fly like Peter Pan, and never grow up.

CHARLIE ASSHETON
(aged 9 years).

"Peter Pan," written by J. M. Barrie, is a very popular and a charming piece of work. I think it ranks first in the long lists of pantomimes in the minds of many children, at least to me it does. With grown-ups, too, it is a great favourite.

Peter Pan is a lovely little boy. He is very human in some things, whilst there is something very fairy-like in other things. This, I think, adds greatly to his charm. Wendy is such a dear little mother to them all, and yet she is only a child like them (the lost boys). John and Michael are real "boys." They love adventures, and the author seems to know just what they would feel like, and what they like.

The Lost Boys seem to have something very pathetic about them, I always think. That they should never have known any mother, and that they simply worship Wendy, always makes me feel so sorry for them. But they are boys nevertheless, as we can see by their love of adventures.

Captain Hook is a real pirate. He forms a sort of lurking danger, and greatly adds to the excitement of the story. How pleased every one is when he is swallowed by the crocodile!

The story is loved by old and young. It has a funny side, for instance, when the crocodile swallows the clock; and it has an exciting side with the pirates in the foreground; and it has a sad side, when the children return home for instance.

HEATHER MCINTYRE
(aged 13 years, 4 months).

Although it bears a somewhat unmeaning title, the tale of "Peter Pan" is very interesting and hence very popular. If you ask anyone, from a child to an old man, "Do you know anything about Peter Pan?" you very rarely meet with an answer in the negative. This story has a part for every one—fairies for the girls; pirates and Indians for the boys, and literary skill, which is very appealing to the grown-ups. A great feature of the last-named is the way the words are put so that a child can understand them; and yet not tiring and babyish to the older people. Although it has its good points, this tale might have a few improvements made: for instance, the Lost Boys might have been carried away, when they were very young, by eagles or vultures from their homes and dropped in the "Never, never land," where Peter Pan, who has been shipwrecked about a week before, had been living. Also in the end Mr. and Mrs. Darling should come and settle and start a colony on an island not far from the "Never, never land," where they could easily communicate with Peter. My reason for saying this is because the sympathy of the children always is with Peter Pan, and as this is the case they would say, "Poor Peter! how hard it must have been for him to talk to anyone." In the book I think that Mr. Darling is the best character because he shows real life in his ways. Wendy is the best in the play, I think. The best part of this (tale and play) is the fight in the pirate's ship.

BERNARD COLLINS
(age 11).

We select for printing the following replies from two young South African competitors. They could not be entered for a prize, as their letters did not arrive until a week after the closing date of the competition, but as an acknowledgment of two good attempts we are sending a book to each of them:

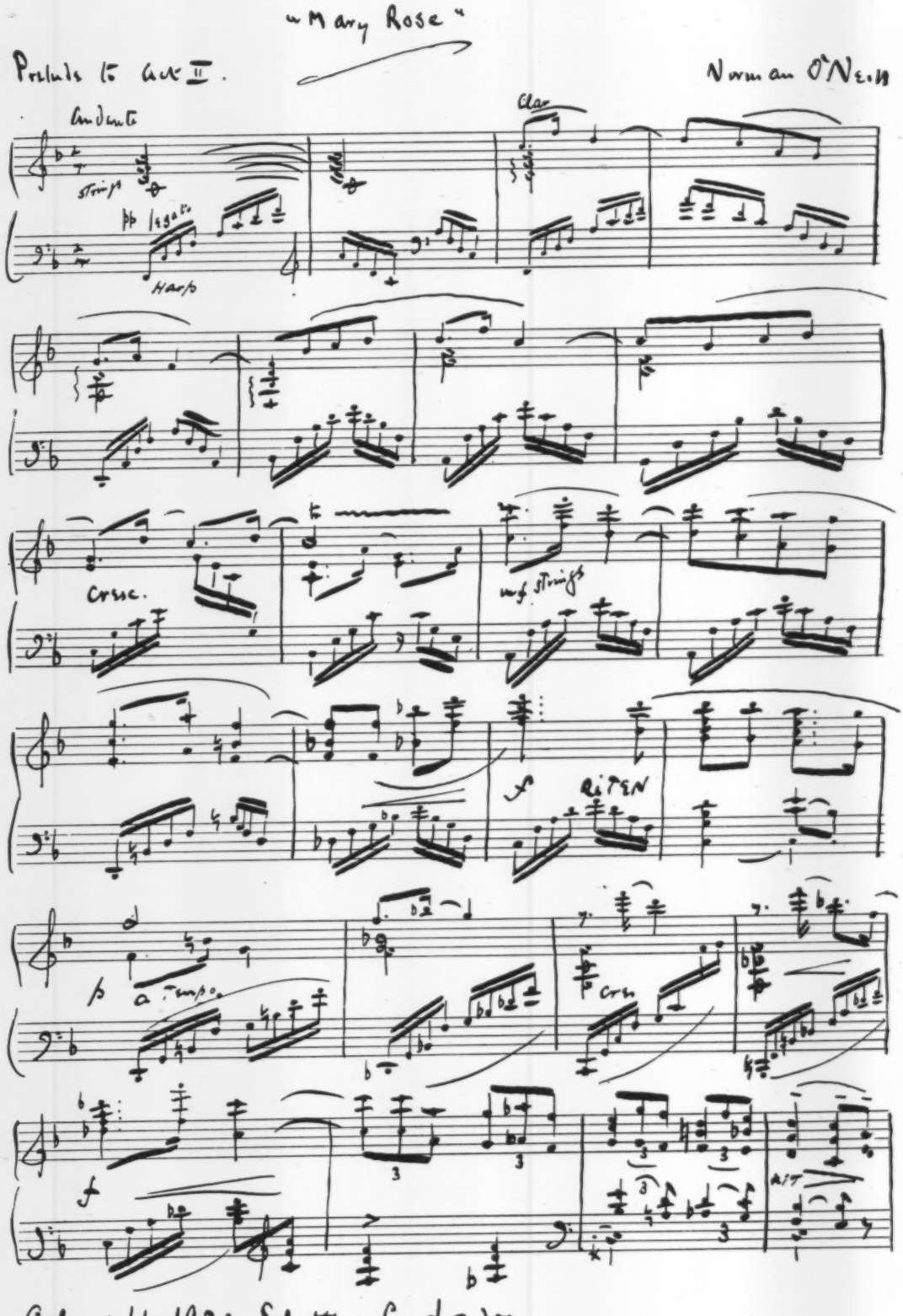
I think "Peter Pan" ("Peter Pan" the play, not the person) is just lovely. So does mother. Mother likes the part

SUPPLEMENT TO "THE BOOKMAN,"
Christmas, 1920.

"MARY ROSE"

By J. M. BARRIE

Orchestral Prelude
to Act II

By Norman O'Neill

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Facsimile of Mr. Norman O'Neill's manuscript

By kind permission of the publishers,
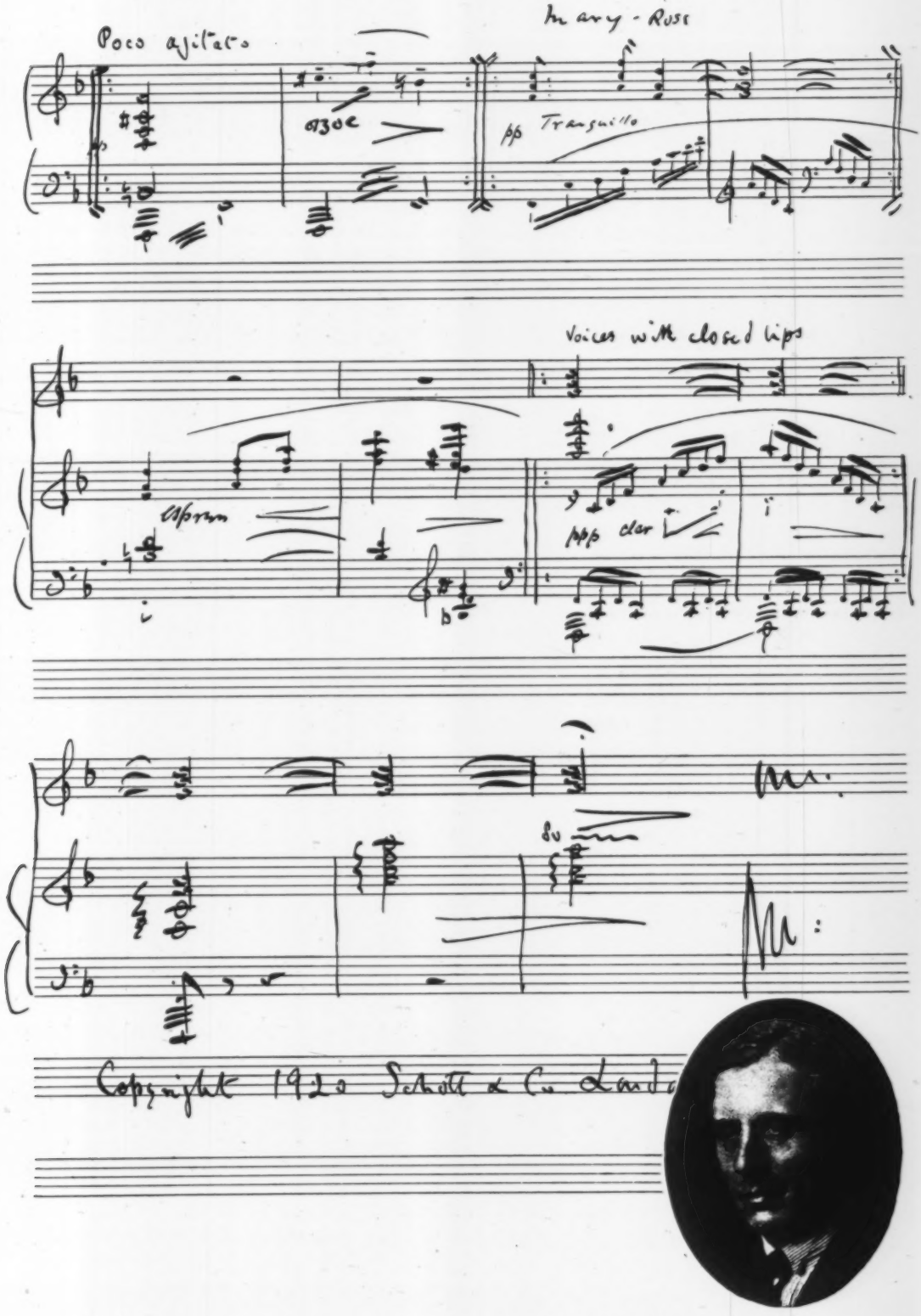
Photo by F. A. Swaine. MR. NORMAN O'NEILL.

of the Prelude to Act II of " Mary Rose."

Messrs. Schott & Co.

Copyright of "The Sphere."

Peter Pan defies the terrible Captain James Hook on board the Pirate Ship.

Drawn by F. Matania.

In the centre is Peter Pan attacking Hook. Wendy Moira Angela Darling stands at the head of the steps leading to the poop. Smee and the other pirates are having a hot time of it at the hands of Michael Darling and the other members of Peter's band.

where Wendy says, "A cradle is such a homely thing in a house," but I like the part at the end where Mr. Darling lived in the Kennel and "up in the tree tops."

Peter is very brave and a born leader, but still he comes to the window to listen to stories.

Captain Hook is just what he should be, ugly, cruel and hot tempered. The boys in general are happy little fellows with no one to stop their pranks.

Wendy is the motherly little girl that children love. I can just imagine that poor Starkey struggling with a lot of babies, and dropping one every minute. As to Nanna, lots of mothers would be very thankful for such a nurse. I do think, though, that Mr. Barrie could have spared Peter the trouble of crying, but perhaps he is not so brave in the land of mortals as in the Never, Never, Never Land.

The fairies extract great attention for every child loves a fairy tale. To do Tinker Bell justice, though she was jealous of Wendy, she saved Peter's life, and he had good cause to love her. I am sure that Wendy and Peter were grateful to Tinker Bell for putting the house in the tree for them, though how she managed it I cannot tell. Perhaps she got the mauve boy fairies and the white girl fairies, and the darling little sillies who don't know what they are, to help her. I think it is very probable.

I believe that every one who has read "Peter Pan," or seen it in a play, simply loves it, expecially the children, and that they think Mr. Barrie a very clever man. I do.

(Florence Hofmeyr (aged 9 years, 2 months), c/o Katherine M. Hofmeyr, Box 2001, Cape Town).

"Peter Pan" is very cleverly thought out.

What is very nice is that the ways of Indians, Fairys and Pirates are put together.

It is rather funny John has only one name, Michael two and Wendy three.

I do not think a Pirate would ever become a sailor in the English navy, but perhaps he would.

Mr. Barrie explains everything very well and always nds a good name to give his characters.

I like the last bit about the lights and I have been longing to know exactly what the blue lights are.

(Mary McGregor (aged 9 years), c/o A. M. McGregor, M.A., B.D., U.D.M., D.R. Church, Three Anchor Bay, South Africa.)

We also select for special commendation the replies of Doris Kent (London, W.), Harry Evans (Brighton), Herbert Smithers (Scarborough), Jane Littmore (East Dulwich), Mabel James (Southend), Robert Thackam (York), Willie Yalden (London, E.), Benjamin Wilmot (Richmond), T. Headley Matthews (Sheffield), M. Hammerton (Ayr), Edward Morris (Carlisle), C. Skinner (Uxbridge), Dick Edwards (Bristol), Robert Mackenzie (Glasgow), Alice Phillips (Leeds), K. Rickman (Highgate), Julie Pethick (London, W.), Horace Smith (Newcastle).

WALTER DE LA MARE.

BY JOHN FREEMAN.

THE poetry of eighteen years is contained in these two volumes* by Mr. de la Mare, and the opportunity of surveying it as a whole is welcome. In a day when sudden lights blaze in our firmament, and fade or burn but dully after the briefest incandescence, the faithful upward curve of Mr. de la Mare's poetry is a thing for thankful wonder. Many of the poems are the lightest jets of song, momentary linnetlike notes; some are hardly more than childish or elvish babble; few are obscure or visibly overweighted with thought; and yet there is probably not a single one of the nearly three hundred pieces in the present collection, how brief, how light, how fantasied, how grave soever, which is not clearly and unhesitatingly distinguishable as the music of Walter de la Mare.

It is no shallow consistency. His prose writings (which also demand collection) show even in their defects as well as in their excellences the same activity of imagination, and the same alertness of intelligence. In the pages of *The Times Literary Supplement*, *The Saturday Westminster*, and in these columns also, the least skilled reader would have little trouble in identifying reviews and articles by the signature of style; and indeed it is to be admitted that the prose style often reveals a far less perfect, a far less instantaneous fusion of the imaginative with the intellectual, than the poems reveal. From the imperfection of that fusion, and not from the absence of one or the other element, has it followed that the prose (of critical articles in particular) has often been too whimsically idiosyncratic, sometimes too elaborately refined and refining, too amorous of the adverb, too hostile to the monosyllable. But in "Henry Brocken," a deliberately "derived" yet not unoriginal book, and in "The Three Mulla Mulgars," a child's fantasy in which the author supplies all the poetry and the adult reader all the moral, there are passages which the most critical will read, mark, learn and inwardly digest; and in one other novel, "The Return," there are pages which show how completely that desired fusion of imagination with intellect, the seeing with the understanding, can be achieved in prose by a master of verse, and how poignant, how intolerable, may be the presentation of the human spirit at odds equally with seen and unseen worlds. And in all these prose writings (let me repeat) the same music is heard, the same fingering is discernible, the same evocation is achieved, as is heard, seen, achieved with finer success in the poetry.

"Evocation"—right as the word is, it must not mislead us. It is easy to speak of spell, magic, glamourie, but the use of these words does only a little to help us in distinguishing the chief elements of Walter de la Mare's poetry. The immediate and the long-pondered, the sudden-flashed and the slow-smouldering, the briefly-heard and the infinitely-echoing—the equal importance, the mutual dependence of these extremes is the perpetual mystery of art. That mystery is so freely and candidly displayed in these poems, and is yet so hard to explain, that quotation is at once easy and essential. But quotation will not so easily show how steadily this mysterious mutual dependence of the spontaneous and the deliberate has developed from "Songs of Childhood" in 1901 to "Motley" in 1918; yet it is precisely this faithful development which is so astonishing to those who pause in their running to read. "Songs of Childhood,"

* "Poems, 1901 to 1918." By Walter de la Mare. 2 vols., 27s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

perhaps, is little to our purpose; it is as derivative as a first book need be, and its "magic" as inconstant as its depth is variable; indeed the severe revision of the second edition is the author's own avowal of inequality and imperfection. It was not, in fact, until "The Listeners" appeared, in 1912, that the dual or parallel development of which I am speaking became perfectly clear; a movement which "Peacock Pie" (1913) and "Motley" simply showed more swift and vivid. This is from "Martha," in "The Listeners":

"And her beauty far away
Would fade, as her voice ran on,
Till hazel and summer sun
And all were gone:

"All fordone and forgot;
And like clouds in the height of the sky,
Our hearts stood still in the hush
Of an age gone by."

"Our hearts stood still in the hush of an age gone by"—it is the attained goal of the unpredictable journey. Here the fusion is complete and final. As beautiful, and stranger, is "Arabia":

"Sweet is the music of Arabia
In my heart, when out of dreams
I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn
Descry her gliding streams;
Hear her strange lutes on the green banks
Ring loud with the grief and delight
Of the dim-silked, dark-haired Musicians
In the brooding silence of night."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. Walter de la Mare.

But nothing earlier or later has a more consummate loveliness than "The Song of Shadows" from "Peacock Pie":

"Sweep thy faint strings, Musician,
With thy long lean hand;
Downward the starry tapers burn,
Sinks soft the waning sand;
The old hound whimpers couched in sleep,
The embers smoulder low;
Across the walls the shadows
Come, and go.

"Sweep softly thy strings, Musician,
The minutes mount to hours;
Frost on the windless casement weaves
A labyrinth of flowers;
Ghosts linger in the darkening air,
Hearken at the open door;
Music hath called them, dreaming,
Home once more."

It would be impertinent alike to reader and author to dwell upon the ardour of imagination which the first stanza uniquely preserves, in the harmony of sound and colour. . . . If I forbear quoting from "Motley," the last of the books included in this collection, it is because choice is all but impossible: hard indeed would it be to find half a dozen poems which do not support the argument of the continuous development of both the unconscious and the conscious faculties of this poet.

Of the world in which this pure, loyal and delicate Muse dwells I have as yet said nothing. It is a world of physical strangeness, but a world in which Blake would be more of an alien than Coleridge, Shelley more uneasy than Vaughan. It has a green depth, warm and soft shadows; it is a world for the released mind to plunge into and press through; a world in which finite merges into infinite, and mortality putting on immortality is still sad with reverting dreams. Walter de la Mare revives the old sense of the title of poet, for he is a "maker" not only of poems but of a world of which his poetry is the only truth. Farewells in that world are a little more piercing than welcomes, twilight is sharper than day, colour is subtlest in its expiring glow, the sweetest and most human sounds are falling echoes. The exploration of this world, the discovery of its delights and satisfactions, the suggestion of its meaning and neighbourhood, the apprehension of its transience and insecurity—it is in this that the author of these poems has performed a work which of all living writers he only might attempt. In his devotion to poetry, to that bright and obscure image, idea or essence of which poetry itself is but echo and shadow, he is purely religious; and that is, I think, his final distinction.

THE THREE STRANGERS.

"Far are those tranquil hills,
Dyed with fair evening's rose;
On urgent, secret errand bent,
A traveller goes.

" Approach him strangers three,
Barefooted, cowled ; their eyes
Scan the lone, hastening solitary
With dumb surmise.

" One instant in close speech
With them he doth confer :
God-speed, he hasteneth on,
That anxious traveller. . . .

" I was that man—in a dream :
And each world's night in vain
I patient wait on sleep to unveil
Those vivid hills again.

' Would that they three could know
How yet burns on in me
Love—from one lost in Paradise—
For their grave courtesy."

MISS BEATRICE HARRADEN.

By Wilfrid L. Randell.

THEORETICALLY, novelists take all humanity for their province ; practically, they are wise not to attempt anything so prodigious. They act, rather, as the convex lens, converging the rays of light upon some particular object, some definite aspect of life, and enabling us to see more clearly by their fresh illumination what the experiences we may go through—imaginatively perhaps—mean to others. To continue my metaphor for a moment, some writers have not the power of focusing their light accurately ; they leave us bewildered or disappointed because the picture is vague and their hands are unsteady. Others hold the magic lens in such a way that their stories or pictures shine with a sure and concentrated radiance, and we have no difficulty at all in appreciating the " values " of their work, simply because the light is sharp and unwavering.

To this second class Miss Beatrice Harraden belongs. Not one of her novels or stories has the defect of haziness, of poor definition ; their " visibility " is always " high," and her method is that of direct relation ; whereby she places herself in the great tradition. If we do not " like " her books—and not all of them appeal to me—it is probably due to natural fluctuations in mood or taste, not to recognisable changes in her style or manner ; for through them all runs an undertone, a " theme " that we recognise with as pleasant a thrill as we do the theme of a fugue. She is the literary musician, able to play on our emotions, but able at the same time to give us first-class intellectual fare.

Her name rests securely upon a single book, known wherever novels are read. Yet " Ships that Pass in the Night," published in 1893, seems to me, on a recent re-reading, one of her least satisfactory novels. The hero, Allitsen, the " Disagreeable Man," is such a confirmed *poseur*. Nobody can believe in him after reading the conversation in which he tells Bernardine Holme, the girl who " stands up " to him and breaks the ice of his superficial cynicism, that when his mother (for whose sake he kindly consents to exist) dies, he will probably commit suicide. He is too sententious, too intent on creating an effect upon his pale and impressionable young listener. He tells her that he is helpless, that all means and power of self-expression that make life worth living are denied to him, and that he has made " the great sacrifice " ; yet elsewhere we learn that he is an authority upon Alpine botany, that he spends most of his time in photography, and that his photographs are regularly accepted as fine specimens by the *Monthly Photographic Portfolio*. He is the owner of a high-class camera or two, a microscope and other means of scientific recreation, and we are sure that in spite of his well-maintained pose of being disgusted with this world he enjoys being in it quite keenly. There seems to be a flaw in the author's art here. And the finish of the book is not convincing. The breeze of sentiment blows rather too strongly to please us, and Bernardine's sudden death by an accident is an abrupt, too deliberately tragic, close to the sweetly-sad harmony. Bernardine herself, however, is excellent, and the mixed company at the Swiss health resort is well described.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss Beatrice Harraden.**

The selfish, pleasure-loving Mrs. Reffold, with her invalid husband ; the love affairs of the postman ; the country family visited by Allitsen and Bernardine, are set in the right light ; but my own conviction is that Miss Harraden's more recent work—especially that happiest of novels, her latest, " Spring Shall Plant " —must give her more pleasure, and is on a far higher plane of truth and artistry than the one which made her famous.

Take, for example, before I consider that charming story more in detail, those two well-wrought novels, " Katharine Frensham " (1903) and " Where Your Treasure Is " (1918). The plot of the former story hinges upon the relation of

From a Drawing by Frank Haviland.

MISS HILDA TREVELYAN
AS "WENDY"

The wool house of a Norwegian farm in the Gudbrandodal,

in which Miss Harraden wrote part of "Katharine Frensham" and other work.

the boy Alan to his father, Professor Thornton, the boy being suspicious that his father's behaviour at a crisis had contributed to the death of his mother. Mrs. Thornton had no sympathy with her husband's scientific pursuits, and in spite of his perfect patience with her, the misunderstanding arose, and was fomented by the "villain" of the piece, Julia Stanhope, who poisons Alan's mind against his father. Katharine Frensham is the good angel—vivacious, strong, a finely-drawn woman, exactly suited to correct the temperament of the moody, introspective Clifford Thornton. And although Alan is hardly a "real" boy—no parallel to delightful Patuffa of "Spring Shall Plant"—the book is true to life and convincing.

A better novel still, if a personal feeling may stand as worthy of record, is the one inspired partly by the war. In "Where Your Treasure Is" we have for heroine Tamar Scott, the self-centred dealer in antique jewellery and precious stones who was one of the principal characters in "Out of the Wreck I Rise" (1912). Tamar Scott is a novelty in heroines, and a creation of whom any author might be proud; in fact I have wondered whether she is not a picture drawn from life, so definitely is her strange little shop described, and so astonishingly does she stand before us in all her moods and actions. The later book of the two is a careful study of the development of Tamar's character under the new situations with which she is forced into contact—of its slow change from sullen selfishness to, at first, a half-grudging generosity, and then a whole-hearted sympathy with the oppressed and terror-stricken people of Belgium, the wounded soldiers in hospital, the sufferers through the domination of war, which showed itself gradually and matured from amusing preliminary stages of merely monetary aid to personal and willing service. The last thing Tamar Scott ever imagined herself doing was visiting and assisting those in distress; her grim and perverse temperament was occupied solely upon her own affairs; her one passion was the collection of antique jewels and kindred objects of art. But on a trip to Holland, escorted by her persistent and devoted admirer, Christopher Bramfield, in search of old curios, she begins to share his enthusiasm for the poor refugees who are then streaming across the frontier, and Miss Harraden gives some most vivid pictures of the destitute, desperate crowds arriving in friendly Holland.

The family of the Thorntons—having no connection, apparently, with the persons of the same name in "Katharine Frensham"—form a feature of the book. The father had a secret passion for gems, keeping his collection in cases constructed to resemble books, with dummy titles which he knew would never tempt the members of his circle; at his death Tamar was called in to value this treasure, and is thus brought into touch with the discharged young officer, Rupert Thornton, his brother Tom, who becomes an airman, and the two sisters whose conversation supplies some of the best dialogue Miss Harraden has written. The way they all "make friends" with Tamar, slowly overcoming her selfish nature, is entirely unstrained; there is a sure psychology throughout the portraiture of Tamar which makes this story delightfully real.

Tamar at last consents to marry her persevering courtier; but Bramfield, daring to enter Germany in

Gate House of Stokesay Castle

in which Miss Harraden wrote a good deal of "The Fowler."

search of his son, who has been taken prisoner, is shot as a spy. This tragedy closes the book. It is a powerful, spirited story, with just that faint touch of the supernatural which the author seems compelled to introduce.

Of Miss Harraden's short stories my choice, as first in favour, would be a little idyll, "At the Green Dragon," in the group entitled "In Varying Moods" (1894). Its "plot" is almost too slight to merit the name. A benevolent historian, who stays at a country inn; a farmer's daughter with literary tastes who falls in love with him; her lover, an excise man; with these three a light pastel-tinted sketch is presented. Hieronymus, the historian, is one of the heroes Miss Harraden loves; he has a "past" of sorrow; but he is no Allitsen. He philosophises to his innocent girl-admirer in the familiar way, but his is a cheery soul withal, and his talk bears no shadow of insincerity. The excise man is a good character; one cannot help being amused at his endeavours to keep up with the literary leanings of the girl he loves. He is collecting a library for their future home, and begins with the works of Mrs. Hemans!

"Hilda Strafford" and "The Remittance Man" are two other quite charming stories (1897), this time of Californian life, and in the first of these there are some of Miss Harraden's finest descriptions of scenery, equal, in their way, to the sustained pages of masterly pen-painting of Norwegian landscapes in "Katharine Frensham." But I have yet to note the distinction of Miss Harraden's latest novel, and must not linger over these, however tempting it may be to give a quotation or two.

"Spring Shall Plant" is undoubtedly Miss Harraden's most "finished" book, and Patuffa Rendham her most original creation; I do not know of any child in fiction of recent years who has amused or interested me more. She is an irrepressible, literally incorrigible; she "scores" every time over her teachers, her parents, and anybody who happens to be in authority over her. She takes the wind out of their sails so beautifully. Her tactics are typified once for all in a little scene with the head mistress of her first school:

"'You will go to bed at once, Patuffa,' Miss Taunton ordered, with a quiet severity of a glacial quality specially reserved for suppressing insubordinates. It had no effect on Patuffa.

"'I like going to bed,' she retorted. 'If you want to punish me, you'd better do something to me I don't like.'

"'You will go to bed at once,' Miss Taunton repeated, chiefly because she did not know what else to suggest. 'And I expect you to apologise to me to-morrow morning for speaking to me so rudely, Patuffa.'

"'I apologise now,' Patuffa said, 'and then it's done.'"

Patuffa is a lovable little wretch, and this history of her girlhood, with its school troubles—she is "returned with thanks" by various harassed preceptors who like her but cannot manage her—her passionate love for music (the undertone of all these books), and her friendship with Irene Tyrell, whose jolly father was so different from Patuffa's erring parent, is intensely interesting and extraordinarily well told. If only for the interludes where Stefansky, the famous musician, fumes and rages at her, and the episodes in Patuffa's life at a German school, the book is worth reading; but considered from the critical point of view it is a competent, fascinating, vigorous interpretation of youth which places its author far higher in the scale of creative artists than any of her other books have done. It gives once more to Miss Harraden her best title—the literary musician, for whom modulation, transposition and execution have no difficulties, and who can draw from her chosen instrument the most delicate and sympathetic harmonies.

JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE.

By F. S. Flint.

THERE are some things it is necessary to say about M. Jean de Bosschère to an English audience which would be superfluous in France and Belgium—or even Russia. When, early in 1915, having escaped across the closely-guarded frontier of his country, he descended on these shores, he left behind him a name as a poet and an artist—and much else—and returned once again to obscurity. An extraordinary fact, when you consider it: the companion of Max Elskamp, André Fontainas, of Paul Claudel, Adrien Mithouard, André Suarès, Francis Jammes, Charles Péguy—I am naming men who stand in the forefront of the literature of their time and country—M. de Bosschère found himself in England alone and unknown, having as his sole equipment his skill as a poet and an artist and the manuscript of a book on the Germans in Brussels, which the English censor subsequently refused to sanction, because the illustrations drawn by the author did not show the Belgians as heroic!

Of the early Jean de Bosschère, the English reader knows less than the Russian, who can at least obtain access in his own language to "Béâle-Gryne" and to "Dolorine et les Ombres." But there are also "Métiers Divins" and the essay on Max Elskamp for those who would know the poet and the artist; and "Edifices anciens," "Quinten Metsys," "La Sculpture ancienne," "Le Style de Leys," the "Essai sur la Dialectique du Dessin," and innumerable studies of art and artists scattered here and there, for those who would know the formidable and erudite technician and critic behind the poet and artist. It is probably true to say that M. de Bosschère is unique. Certainly another living example of the combination of qualities he possesses does not immediately occur to the memory. One must cast back to the Renaissance for similar figures.

To understand M. de Bosschère's multifariousness, you must understand the bent of his mind. Had he merely wished to make a reputation, he had but to choose one means of artistic expression—say painting—and to persevere in it; but he has never, seemingly, had that desire. History, archæology, criticism, painting, sculpture, engraving, the art of printing and bookmaking—he has devoted himself to each of them in turn, only to pass on when he had discovered all its

secrets. The study of a technique or of an artist was a voyage of discovery undertaken for its own sake. M. de Bosschère had no mission and no other aim than to satisfy his curiosity first, and to use, afterwards, the knowledge he had gained in an effort to reconstruct for himself the poetry of the world—"*chaque jour refaire le monde pour y vivre*," he has said. For behind his power of creating verbal imagery—"Béâle-Gryne" and "Dolorine" are reservoirs of new metaphors—and of representing the colour and form of things, there was always a critical mind that perceived the vanity of all our conceptions. "Yet," he has written somewhere, "since illusion is necessary, I dream sometimes of a book or of a manuscript in which I would put the most secret desires of my being, the darkest visions of myself, one of those books which are like a bridge between two wretchednesses existing some centuries apart."

Photo by E. O. Hoppé.

M. Jean de Bosschère.

M. de Bosschère, the poet, may be defined as a misanthrope loving men, but avoiding their contact. "Béâle-Gryne" is the idealisation of this attitude in word and line. "Dolorine et les Ombres" carries on this idealisation; but a new anxiety has crept in, a dissatisfaction with this purely spiritual dream-life. From this anxiety sprang "Métiers Divins," wherein the trades and crafts are divinised as a means of salvation; but, with the evidence of "The Closed Door" before us, it is doubtful whether M. de Bosschère was saved. Those who are curious can best study his psychology at this period in the chapter entitled "Sur son mysticisme" of the essay on the Flemish poet, Max Elskamp. It is a revelation of its author's mysticism as well as of that of the poet it discusses.

It was, then, this complex figure of a poet and an artist that, as I have said, found itself alone, unknown and almost penniless, in London in the early part of 1915. But the mind had been shaken out of its dreams by a sharper contact with what we call reality. The first result was a new series of *métiers* in a simpler form, a selection from which was published in London as "Twelve Occupations," and in which M. de Bosschère breaks away for the first time from formal drawing. Lines and masses must henceforth, in any drawing that he does for his own pleasure, follow the form of his fantasy. In the poems of "The Closed Door," which came next, and which is M. de Bosschère's first volume of poems ("Béâle-Gryne" and "Dolorine" are in the form of prose), the illustrations are most of them still more abstract, but they all bear the mark of a master-draughtsman; they have an emotional appeal impossible to obtain with such economy from conventional drawing. The poems too, like the illustrations, are emancipated from the old elaboration of "Béâle-Gryne" and of "Dolorine": they are simple in form, subtle in intention, a lyrical cry, a direct and quite personal statement of terrible and beautiful realities.

M. de Bosschère began in 1917 to illustrate books which he had not himself written with "Christmas Tales of Flanders," followed by "Beasts and Men," another collection of Flemish folk-stories. Perhaps never had an artist come to the illustration of books better equipped. He had himself, in a chapter called "Les Dessins en Décors de Livres" of "La Dialectique du Dessin," discussed the æsthetics of book-illustration. He knew exactly what he wanted: an amalgamation of text and illustration that would give a homogeneous whole, the drawing prolonging the evocation of the text, and being framed in it in such a way as to charm without clashing with the general typography—in other words, line drawings printed in and with the text, and requiring no other kind of paper than that on which the text is printed. It will be obvious that with such æsthetic principles, M. de Bosschère cannot approve of the very charming coloured plates which the fashion of the time has compelled him to place in the books he illustrates. They disturb the homogeneity.

But besides knowing exactly what he wants, M. de Bosschère knows exactly how to do what he wants. He has the secret of all the tricks of his art, a memory richly stored with visual images, and an inexhaustible inventiveness. You have only to run through the pages of one of his illustrated books to be convinced of this. There is never any flagging in the invention, never any

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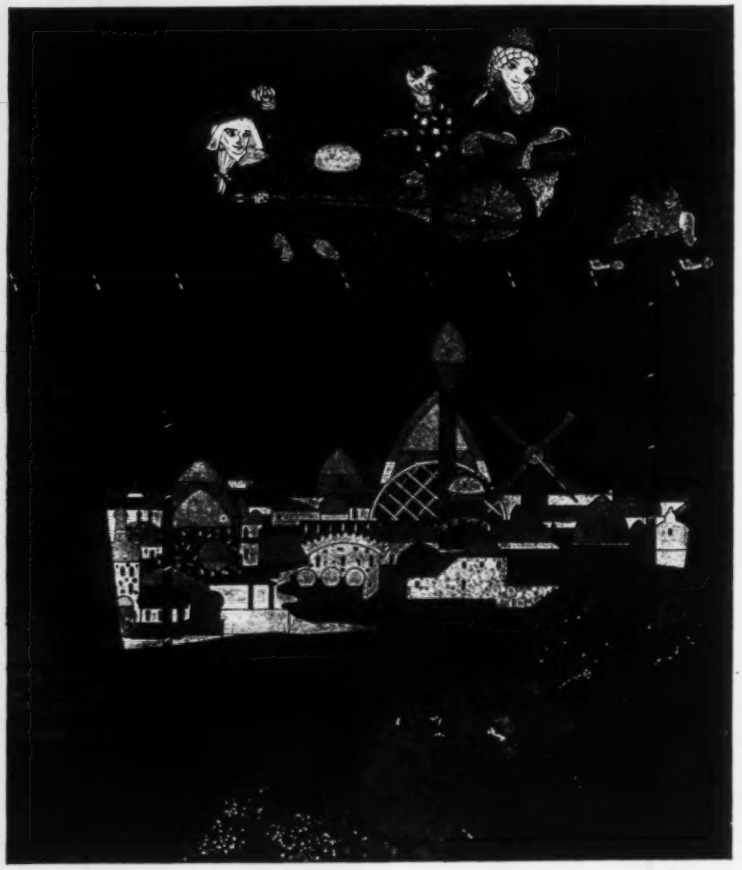

The City Curious.

From "The City Curious," written and illustrated by Jean de Bosschère (Heinemann).

tiredness; and the drawings are always more than a mere rendering in another medium of the suggestion of the text; they are in the real sense of the word an illustration, an illumination of the text by the light of another personality.

Since *le style, c'est l'homme*, as Buffon once told the French Academy, it is an artist's personality that one must seek in his art. It would be easy to say of the early work of M. de Bosschère, in "Béâle-Gryne" and "Dolorine," that it reveals the influence of Beardsley, for instance, or of the later work, in the "Christmas Tales," that the influence of Brueghel can be seen; but it would not be very important. The important thing in these drawings is their revelation of M. de Bosschère's personality, or at least of one side of it: his style, in other words—a queer, droll personality, delighting in the grotesque, the gargoylesque, the kind of imaginings a child of genius might be expected to have, comical devils, clowns and peasants, in whom you will often see human stupidity, but never rendered with malice, for M. de Bosschère is incapable of malice. The illustrations to "The Closed Door," however, are of another order. They rank with the five pictures shown at M. de Bosschère's exhibition at the Leicester Galleries which were not illustrations. Here the artist has not had to consult his audience, to modify his vision. He has put down line and mass as they were suggested to him by some inner need for expression, not as his virtuosity and skill could invent in obedience to the knowledge of what was required of him. This is a side of M. de Bosschère's personality that will never be popular; yet its expression springs from the deepest in him; it is his scrutiny and criticism of life and men.

As was to be expected, M. de Bosschère would not remain content to illustrate the books of other people, even though those people, as in the "Christmas Tales" and "Beasts and Men," were the anonymous folk of his own country and so much akin to him in spirit. In the chapter of the "Dialectique du Dessin," already quoted, he says that "the best illustrations would be those by the author of the text himself. He can manipulate the two elements and combine them magnificently. . . . He can really add to the intensity or the colour of his own thought. In short, it is no longer an imperfect collaboration, but a single work, conceived and developed at the same time in its literary and graphic forms." "The City Curious" was conceived and developed in this spirit. The book is more than a fairy tale written by a poet and illustrated by an accomplished draughtsman; it is a work of art in two mutually responding mediums. Among illustrated books it probably stands alone, for it is rare that a poet of so much imagination meets in the same man with an illustrator of such skill and power of invention. It is doubtful whether there will be this year another illustrated book to the making of which so much art has gone; and yet the book is simple; every child will enjoy it, and every adult too, if he is unsophisticated enough.

If M. de Bosschère were to do what he has never yet done, to tie himself down to one form of art (which would be a double one), he has here a channel for his overflowing imagination, his gift of invention as an illustrator, his humour and above all his poetry. There is no reason at all, except M. de Bosschère's own impatience of one attitude, why "The City Curious" should not be the first of a series leading up to a book which he will write and illustrate for himself, the book of his dream. When that book is made, there will be no hesitation (I hope) in saying of its author what it would be only strict justice to say to-day: M. de Bosschère is a man of genius. There are so few of them.

PETER PAN.

STARKEY SIGHTED NIBS DISAPPEARING THROUGH THE WOODS.

From a painting by MABEL LUCIE ATTWELL.
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New Books.

THE SYSTEM OF ANIMATE NATURE.*

Gifford Lectures are wont to be ponderous dissertations, but if, in his Gifford Lectures, Professor J. Arthur Thomson does not wear his weight of learning quite lightly like a flower, he at least carries it gracefully like a garland. Nor does even the larger floral simile do full justice to his vivid and verdant intellectual vitality, for he has dug up his facts by the roots and has planted them in good soil so that they have the pith and sap and seed of growing and evolving organisms. His lectures, in fact, are a garden rather than a garland—a luxuriant garden so full of beauty and marvel and mystery, that we are aware of the Spirit walking there—" Not God, in gardens! when the eve is cool!" And Professor Arthur Thomson is more than a horticulturist; he is also a poet. He has planted his garden on the slopes of Parnassus; he knows that " seven snowdrops sister the Pleiades," and that he " cannot touch a rose without troubling of a star "; and he sees :

> " Each blade of grass
> With roots that grope about eternity
> And in each drop of dew upon each blade
> The mirror of the inseparable All."

It is, I think, the combination of poet and scientist in Professor Thomson that gives his Lectures so much charm, and such a wide appeal. There are many living scientists who can give a lucid and interesting exposition of scientific facts, but there are few, if any, who can make literature and poetry out of them. Science needs not only microscopic but also cosmoscopic vision, and it is interesting to note that two of the greatest medical discoveries of the last hundred years were made by two doctors—Oliver Wendell Holmes and Sir Ronald Ross—also poets.

" The System of Animate Nature " discusses for nearly seven hundred pages some of the most obscure and difficult problems in biology, but from the first page to the last it is as full of vim and verve as the nature it expounds and interprets. It mirrors in a living and luxuriant mind the living luxuriance of nature, and even if many of the problems remain unsolved, no reader can peruse the lectures without gaining a new sense of the beauty and wonder of animate nature, and without realising — " Coelesti sumus omnes semine oriundi."

The scope of the Lectures is so wide that it is impossible here even to summarise their contents, and we can only say briefly that the first volume deals with organisms as they are, and the second with organisms as they come to be, and that both endeavour to show the purposiveness of life. " Endeavour to show," however, is hardly the right word, for the lecturer starts with no prejudices and simply goes where the facts lead him; but the facts do lead him to find a purposiveness in living organisms and in the processes of organic evolution.

" ' Ours,' he declares, ' is no phantasmagoria of a world, but a Systema Naturæ. We are parts of a reasonable world, which voices reason and listens to reason. Its process has worked persistently towards masterpieces, of which the climax is the reasonable soul. From the intrinsic order and intelligibility of Nature, which the rise of the magnificent scientific edifice proves, we may not be logically permitted to make a transcendent inference to an Omniscient Creator, but it is in that way the heart of Man points. Our belief is that the Logos is at the core of our system, implicit in the nebula, as now in the dewdrop. It slept for the most part through the evolution of plants and coral-like animals whose dream similes are a joy. It slept as the child sleeps before birth. It became more and more awake among higher animals—feeling and knowing and willing. It became articulate in self-conscious Man — and not least in his science."

* " The System of Animate Nature." By J. Arthur Thomson. 2 vols. 30s. net. (Williams & Norgate.)

That seems to me at once Science, Literature and Poetry. Yet even while I sit at the feet of Gamaliel, I think that the Lectures are in some ways open to criticism.

Science may be said to consist of observation, collection, collation, comparison, induction and expression, and it by no means follows, as many narrow-minded scientists contend, that only the observer and collector is competent to collate, compare, induct and express. Indeed, acuteness of observation and patience in collection rarely accompany either the logical or the literary faculty. A great coleopterist may not be able to describe a beetle, or to cross the *pons asinorum*. And though Professor Thomson is competent and eminent in all the departments of science I have mentioned, I venture, with some diffidence and great deference, to doubt whether his logic is always sound. I do not of course doubt that Professor Thomson is capable of accurate and acute reasoning, but I think that, in spite of his absolute fairness of mind, he has let predilection (I shall not say " prejudices ") influence his judgment. I dare to think, for instance, that his defence of Darwinism is quite beside the point. He faces none of the real difficulties and does not indeed seem to know what they are; he simply sets up a lot of skittles and knocks them down again. Surely no one denies selection, and surely no one denies that selection may put " polishing touches " to organisms. To put the matter in a nutshell here is impossible, but roughly the point at issue, as it seems to me, is not whether selection plays an important part in evolution, but whether it is the essential factor—whether most adaptations arose to meet contingencies or whether they were merely lucky hits. The arguments

He went away in the snow.

From "The Closed Door," poems with drawings by Jean de Bosschère (John Lane).

against Darwinism are acute and weighty, and Professor Thomson neither meets nor mentions the most important.

Professor Thomson's position, too, with regard to the origin of organisms seems to me quite impossible. He seeks to simplify the first organism, whereas if evolution be a fact and causation have any meaning, the first organism must have been complex beyond conception. "A prima descendit origine mundi causarum series."

What is needed in biology to-day is the interposition of acute, unbiased, unprofessional minds. At the present moment a James Hutchison Stirling, an Alexander Bain, a John Stuart Mill, would be more valuable than a Huxley or a Häckel. And, as the recent newspaper controversy showed, a Belloc or a Chesterton is more likely to get at the truth than a Ray Lankester.

But these criticisms, even if sound, do not affect the value of Professor Thomson's Gifford Lectures. They are not intended to be the last word in controversial subjects, rather are they intended to encourage others to think for themselves, and in this object they certainly will not fail.

Professor Thomson is himself a great and good factor in the moral and intellectual evolution of mankind, and no man can read these two volumes without crying with Walt Whitman: "Praise be the fathomless Universe, for life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious."

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

RUSKIN A CENTURY AFTER*

In an admirable address contributed to the first of the present volumes, Mr. Masefield points out that the nineteenth century was ripe and ready for such a teacher as Ruskin. He does not mention the striking fact that Ruskin was actually born in the year of Peterloo and the Six Acts; but he remarks with caustic brevity that in those blest times of "strong government" and suppression of reformers there were public executions of men, women and children every Monday morning, and uncontrolled factories and mines into which the free-born Englishman was driven at the age of six to acquire habits of industry. That, gentle reader, was an England of free competition and no interference with the liberty of employers—a real businesslike England, in fact the very England that many people are anxious to bring back. It was the England of John Bull; and the England of John Bull was the object of Ruskin's fiercest disgust. Hear what Mr. Masefield says:

"Ruskin was shocked that England had ceased to believe in St. George and had substituted for him that image of grossness and obstruction, John Bull, who came to us with the German kings. I have seen many images of John Bull, but none showing him as a person who would think, or pray, or fight, or be courteous or chivalrous, or merciful, or practise any art, or sing, or be delightful, or make love, or do a decent day's work, or have an enlightened idea, or be tolerable company under any circumstances whatever. He is always a gross animal man, standing in the way. That pretty much is what Ruskin thought him; Ruskin turned away from him with a passionate repugnance. And seeing this creature in the place of St. George, the blackness of his waste defiling the land and debasing the life of England, with a greed and a fury to which we are accustomed, but which was then new, Ruskin decided that the nation had forgotten its soul, and must be brought back to it by the things that belonged unto its peace."

It would be hard to summarise more briefly and tellingly the whole Ruskinian tendency.

Such books as those we are noticing come with special aptness at the moment, for those who observe the signs of the times will not have failed to discern, in recent trade disputes and in recent attacks on education, a clearly shaping demand for a population definitely servile, born to slavery, and to be kept in slavery by force, by prescription, and by a scheme of uneducative education. Teach the free-born Briton his place by sending him to the mines at six, said 1820. Teach the free-born Briton his place by keeping him humble and submissive at school, says 1920; and, above all, teach him (to the tune of "Britons never, NEVER, NEVER will be slaves") that he has jolly well got to do as he is told, or be shot down.

The antidote to these doctrines must be sought in the teaching of such men as Ruskin. Ruskin called himself an aristocrat, hated the word Liberty, and believed that there must be definite grades of society; but he also believed and strenuously declared that every human being has a right to all that we call humanism, to all that pertains to the soul. You should not go to Ruskin for a Constitution as Corsica went to Rousseau. What teachers like Ruskin do for mankind is to create the atmosphere of sympathy, enthusiasm and goodwill in which progressive life is possible; what our horrible newspapers are doing is to create an atmosphere of mutual hatred and misunderstanding in which animosities will be perpetual and disputes bloody. If all newspapers could be entirely suppressed for ten years the world would be a cleaner, sweeter and lovelier place. The message of the first Christmas morning can still help us—*in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis*. The words are worth pondering; for it is precisely because there is no goodwill that there is no peace in our time.

In the miscellany edited by Mr. Whitehouse there are many excellent papers that will help the reader to find his way through the tempestuous outpourings of our prophet. We have already referred to Mr. Masefield's essay. The Dean of St. Paul's writes on Ruskin and Plato; Mr. Masterman discusses Ruskin as a social critic; Mr. Hobson reviews his economic teaching; and Mr. Binyon places him as an art critic. The volume is a thoroughly helpful guide, and in parts it is a contribution to fine criticism. Mr. Graham deals more specifically with the social and economic teaching of Ruskin. His book is sound, fresh, frank and agreeable, and embodies much original thought. His discussion of the smoke problem in cities deserves special mention as an instance of clear and practical thinking.

The chief value of both volumes is that they should send us back to the master himself—to the real Ruskin, the Ruskin of 'Fors" and "Unto This Last." Not that there is any "unreal" Ruskin, or any lack of essential consistency in his work. He is never quite consistent in detail, but through everything he wrote there rings one clear note courageously sounded and passionately repeated, a proclamation that man is the son of God, made in God's image and with God's own breath of life inspired; and that those who deface or destroy, or deny this deity in man are guilty of the sin against the spirit. He began with pictures, and was led on from Beauty to Truth and Justice and Mercy and Love; and against all the greed and horror of a predatory century he asserted the rights of the soul:

> "What is a man
> If the chief use and market of his time
> Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
> Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
> Looking before and after, gave us not
> That capability and god-like reason
> To rust in us unused."

Such was Ruskin's creed. We never needed it more than now. Look around at the legacy of horror left us by a Church and State of scribes and Pharisees, bankrupt in vision, courage and conviction! We are still a city that stones its prophets and stops its ears to their message. The prophet is gone, but the prophecy remains. The rest is with us.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

LADY LILITH.*

Mr. McKenna, a writer of undoubted brilliancy, is not doing himself justice. One "Sonia" made a summer, but a succession of Sonias becomes wearisome. Most people are tired of the Smart Set (how old-fashioned the phrase is!). "Lady Lilith" is all foam and bubble. If it is an

* "Ruskin the Prophet and other Centenary Studies." By John Masefield, Dean Inge, C. F. G. Masterman, etc. Edited by J. Howard Whitehouse. 8s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.) "The Harvest of Ruskin." By John W. Graham, M.A. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

* "Lady Lilith." By Stephen McKenna. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

actual picture of Society to-day, one shudders for civilisation. It may be argued that it is not the fault of the author if he writes of shallow people in an appropriately shallow way, and that it is his duty to hold the mirror up to nature. There is, however, a world of men and women to select from; and Mr. McKenna's exceptional gifts should find wider range than in garish pictures of ephemeral groups who count for nothing in life.

Lady Barbara Neave is an impossible heroine. Her caprices are not amusing and her repentances are unconvincing. The aim of "Babs" and her friends is to kill time by meaningless extravagances of conduct. It may be that the author intends his book as an impeachment of a state of society in which self-indulgent, unmoral people do as they please without regard to the laws of God or man. He gives a hint of this in his Kipling quotation about the chatter of the Bandar Log:

> "'Here we sit in a branchy row,
> Thinking of beautiful things we know;
> Dreaming of things that we mean to do,
> All complete, in a minute or two—
> Something noble and grand and good,
> Won by merely wishing we could.
> Now we're going to—never mind,
> Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!'"

There is no real counterpoise, however, in "Lady Lilith" to the fatuity of the chatterers. David O'Rane of the Sonia books is here again, talking hysterical nonsense; Sonia herself has degenerated into a jaded lay-figure, a kind of wax-model in contrast with Barbara Neave's neurotic excesses. Some of Barbara's desirous and undesirable male friends get killed off; and Jack Summertown, one of the few decent figures in a narrative of nightmares, also receives his quietus. These unfortunate men come to bad ends by reason of "Lady Lilith's" avid desire to be amused at any price.

It must not be forgotten that this is a war novel. It is the only excuse that can be offered for the general hysteria of its characters:

> "'At this rate I sometimes wonder who will be left alive,' Lady Crawleigh wrote to Barbara. 'Sonia has had one of her brothers killed and the others wounded. Valentine Arden has been killed. Young O'Rane has come back splendidly wounded, but without his sight. No one can ever take their place. They are all equally splendid. . . . Poor Mr. Arden and Jack Summertown. . . . Though a man may have been frivolous before, that does not seem to keep him from showing his true worth when the occasion arises. . . . The war has been a great opportunity.'"

It was an opportunity which practically every English novelist has come to grief over from Mr. John Galsworthy to Mr. Gilbert Cannan. The platitudes of Lady Crawleigh's letter convey nothing but that it was necessary for men to be killed to prove they were endowed with souls; but surely it is quite unnecessary for war fictionists to make their women so utterly soulless. In the years of the great conflict there doubtless were society girls as thoughtless and unmoral as Lady Barbara Neave, but they were a disreputable minority.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

TALL HAT AND BOWLER.*

There is not more difference between youth and age than between the two sorts of reminiscent veteran—the one who has something to say, and the other. Happily, both these books come well into the former class, though both authors have written freely. Sir Algernon long ago gave us his recollections as Mr. Gladstone's secretary, and has since drawn plentifully on his recollections in and around Whitehall. This time he has attempted something like a gallery of kit-cat sketches of old colleagues in the Civil Service—a parallel in prose, you may say, to the album the author once presented to the G.O.M. with photographs of those who had served him in the permanent government departments. The old campaigner went to

* "Contemporary Portraits: Men of My Day in Public Life." By the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West. 18s. net. (Unwin.)—"Chestnuts and Small Beer." By H. J. Jennings. 12s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Photo by London Stereoscopic Co. **Tom Taylor.**
From "Contemporary Portraits" (Fisher Unwin).

the length of calling it, in his acknowledgment, 'a civil service never, I suppose, excelled in any age or any country," and this testimonial does not stand by any means alone. Possibly Sir Algernon has not been dull to the call there is for some such witness in these days, when party Ministers seem to have absorbed pretty nearly all the blame they can hold, and the overflow is passing on to their servants and advisers. It is perhaps for want of such admission and a show of cudgel-play, possibly by reason of a uniformity in chaptering and style, that the book remains a shade monotonous. Worse still, there are promising names at the outset that yield no satisfaction—like Sir Henry Maine, for instance, who gets nothing more than a bald recital of facts and dates, like a paragraph in an administrative year-book. It is only when one reads steadily through that the real fresh substance comes to light—memories of men like Matthew Arnold, Trollope, Sir Henry Taylor, Trevelyan, W. R. Greg, the Palgraves, Panizzi of the British Museum, and Sir Henry Cole of Kensington. Once, after a school inspection, Arnold broke the rule by charging fares for the double journey instead of staying the night.

The Treasury queried the amount. "Why did you not stop at Edmonton?" Arnold's answer was: "How could you expect me to stay at Edmonton when John Gilpin couldn't?"

"Softer" answers have turned official wrath. It was a better one than Lord Welby used to quote from the lips of an English railway hand who held the Kaiser's car up at a level crossing, and got a haughty strafing for his pains. "Kaiser don't have no power over me," said the sturdy patriot; "I'm a South Western signalman." Another touch of dignity from humble sources we owe to "Tom" Taylor, of *Punch*, where he quoted a Clapham busman in a fateful year as saying of Paris: "Why, I was reading last night they were making barricades of omnibuses, and I thinks to myself, when they does that, Society's well-nigh at a hend." We can easily conceive the welcome that zephyrs like these earned in the arid precincts of officialism, where, as a cynic said, black coffee was always unfashionable at lunch because it kept one awake. And without diminishing the cares and labours of responsible staffs, especially in times of crisis, it is easy to see that only on an average of easy hours and comfortable terms was it possible for men like Greville to devote themselves to diaries and other literary work running well into half a lifetime. One awkward proof-slip we may note, and that is "Thespis" for "Thyrsis"—enough to make the poet writhe in his grave. Otherwise the book is a model of its period—sedate, discreet and well-informed to a nicety.

After the tall hat, the bowler. Mr. Jennings has graduated in the hard knock-about school of our provincial stage and press, clubs and green-rooms, and the "ringing grooves of 'Change," with a capital C. For some years he

edited the *Financial News*, and there must have been times and "booms" that made him look back with an almost idyllic contemplation on the anything but quiet pastures of the *Birmingham Daily Mail*. As he looks back now on half a century of striving and tolerable success, there is one thing clearer than the sharpness of his recollections, and this is that he was a born Bohemian from the start. His self-possession under all sorts and conditions of menace was only beaten by his hardihood on occasions when it was aggressive. Few men have been franker in telling stories against themselves, and the snub he received from Sims Reeves, for murdering the great tenor's favourite ditty in his presence, is worth a place among the best whips of scorn we know. Better still are fresh revelations of mentality and character concerning Bright and Chamberlain and others. Here is a dictum from the lips of Dr. Livingstone that Mr. Jennings gathered and wisely preserved. He said it would take hundreds, perhaps thousands, of years to bring the Hottentot to the level of Western civilisation; indeed, it is "more probable that the white races, by continually advancing, will gradually drive the natives farther back, until they disappear at last in an imperceptible process of absorption." Events are disproving this forecast so far, but it is interesting nevertheless. On the whole, it may be said that the two books we have coupled together invite the revival of an old comparison The one may have the better climate and all that, but give us the other for company.

J. P. COLLINS.

A WOMAN OF DESTINY.*

Eugénie, Empress of the French, was the daughter of the Count and Countess Téba and the paternal niece of the then Count of Montijo. She sprang from the bluest blood of Spain, distinguished for centuries by its valour, its vicissitudes and a blend of dreaming and daring. She was the grandniece of Alfonso the tenth, King of Leon and Castille, while a seventeenth century ancestress—a daughter of Medina Sidonia—was the wife of the Duke of Braganza who reigned in Portugal as John the fourth. It is a popular error that she was a new-comer in relation to her husband. On the contrary her descent was far more ancient if not more illustrious than his, and one of her aunts boasted kinship to our royal Stuarts by her alliance with the Duke of Berwick and Alba. There was also a Scotch strain in her pedigree. "All is race," and in these conjunctions we may read her character. Her father, a proud and romantic "liberal," had served under Napoleon, and by a chance in the chapter of accidents she became the beautiful bride of the world ruler's nephew. After his *coup d'état* she was crowned Empress, and the tragedy of her life—at once beneficent and bigoted, proud yet forbearing, and womanly though queenly—lies in its association with that remarkable man who sought to perpetuate Bonaparte's ideals. Conscious of doing so he proved the "man of destiny," though, alas! he was also to prove Napoleon the less. For he received more than he could communicate and lacked the creative force of supreme genius. The main interest of these two volumes centres on the romance of one who has been as much misjudged as he was often misjudging. His Mexican expedition is a glaring instance and in vain against it the Empress warned him. The new documents are of great interest, revealing both purpose and policy, while the pageantries of Eugénie's heydey, the despairs and courage of her climax, pass before us less as in a chronicle than as in a cinema, with the Comte de Fleury, their trusted friend, as showman. But in this book the surface is often marred by the solecisms and vulgarisms of a translation that can actually sink in a dialogue to "Say? Sir," and by a want of humour in the author which retails banalities as wit. Moreover, it is to be regretted that the first volume seems to have been so hastily bound. There is a confusion in the paginal numbers that switches off the story and bewilders the reader.

A formative part of Eugénie's childhood was passed in Paris, whither the family fled from Spain; a distinguished circle of "liberals" and *literati* surrounded them, and one of the most fatherly always remained—Prosper Merimée. Eugénie was intelligent, adventurous, lively and lovely. Her head was not turned by her elevation and her married life was happy. She riveted and counselled her husband, who, before he had grasped the throne by hereditary instinct, had lived in Germany and Hainault, twice—the observed of all observers—in England, and once in America. He had twice escaped from imprisoning fortresses and in these seclusions had studied and pondered as only the fatalist can. While in London he once went on the river with Disraeli (who portrayed him in "Endymion") and rowed so badly that he nearly upset the boat. Henceforward he was constantly upsetting boats, for there was an element of awkwardness in his resolution. He tried too much at once and the threads grew tangled. Ever brilliant in beginnings, he did not always concentrate on ends or mature them. The Napoleonic dæmon—though with him second hand—urged him on to impasses. His early conspiracies were as persistent as Mazzini's, or of those dastardly conspirators who afterwards attacked him, but when once installed in power he neither dictated nor drivelled. He inherited the fine dream of a national and effective confederation of Europe. But the soil was too deep for his divining rod. Far-seeing in theory, a shrewd judge of men and measures, he was often shortsighted in practice—rash where he should have been prudent and timid where he should have been bold. He hurried from point to point till finally, from very breathlessness, he fell. The spirit of Eugénie sustained him, her love of peace often restrained him. But her loyal devotion to Rome tended to undo him. Rome and Prussia—internationalism and nationalism—were the irreconcilables that upset his projects. He could never realise his visions, and he was wrecked by might-have-beens. Dread of Prussia precluded him in 1866 from aiding Austria; the same dread in 1859 cut short his emancipation of Italy. There was always a pausing-point. Too late, in 1870, he recognised the error that cost him his crown. But the France that idolised him as her saviour from the anarchies of 1848, and hailed him as a regenerator who never tyrannised, is fickle: her religion is herself. She resented the Empress's persistent Romanism and traced it in every failure. She was embittered by humiliation and took mean refuge in scapegoats. Eugénie had won all hearts by the free splendour of her *salons* and the humane gentleness of her charm. But twice at least, alas! in France the wives of monarchs have proved fatal. Then followed the Emperor's confinement at Wilhelmshöhe, his reunion with the exiled family in England, his own death, that of his brave and ill-starred son—the child of hopes and memories—in the Zulu War. Henceforward Eugénie was Agrippina with the ashes of Germanicus—*a mater dolorosa* indeed.

She flits across these pages a gracious figure in sorrow as in joy, sympathetic, serene in the depths of her being, anchored on faith. We gain glimpses of her grandeur and goodness, of royal and imperial visits, including Queen Victoria's and Prince Albert's, of philanthropies eagerly forwarded, of hospitals tenderly visited—once at the risk ot smallpox—and always with personal interest pursued and improved: of great figures like that will-o'-the-wisp intriguer, Prince Napoleon (Jerome's son), the libertine of liberalism, of that wonderful *grande dame*, Princess Mathilde, *une ancienne nouvelle*, of Queen Isabella, of Rachel, of wits, courtiers and statesmen, the lights of an older world—in fine of the beau-monde. To each and all—as to her husband's kindred—the Empress adapted herself with native dignity, seeking to heal breaches, feeling for and with the trials alike of prince and peasant. Her husband loved royal progresses in the heart (as in the hearts) of his people, and that through Brittany, where he was well remembered, proved a triumph. The imperial

* "Memoirs of the Empress Eugénie." By Comte Fleury. Compiled from private documents. Two volumes. 35s. net. (Appleton.)

From a painting by Charles A. Buchel.
(By permission of the Artist.)

MR. GERALD DU MAURIER AS THE HON. ERNEST WOOLLEY IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

XUM

From a painting by P. A. de Laszlo, M.V.O.

MISS GLADYS COOPER AS LADY AGATHA IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

XUM

From a painting by J. J. Shannon, R.A.

MISS LILY ELSIE AS LADY CATHERINE IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

From a painting by Sir John Lavery.

MISS LILLAH McCARTHY AS LADY MARY IN "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."

pair liked to cheer and chat with the workmen, some of whom, at the close, were so ungrateful. The moving pictures too of the Prince Imperial—the Marcellus of his age—are singularly pathetic and complete, from his cradle to his doom, and comprise a vivid presentment of his "baptism of fire." Never was a youth so cared for, so caring for others and careless of himself, and seldom a more *preux chevalier*. To the end in so long a span of prosperity and catastrophe, his mother never faltered, and that alone would stamp her as a noble woman. The double crisis of 1870 was clearly due to manifold and foreign machinations.

Space forbids more than one extract from Louis Napoleon's confessions of his highest aims:

"How comes it that old ideas reacting on the present cause some Frenchmen to see not allies but enemies of France in those nations. . . . now freed from a past hostile to us, and are now enjoying a new life governed by principles that are ours. . . . A more firmly constituted Europe rendered by better territorial divisions is a guarantee for the peace of the Continent. . . . I would lift politics above the narrow and mean ideals of another age. I do not think that the greatness of a country depends on the weakness of the countries surrounding it. A true equilibrium rests on the satisfied convictions of all the nations of Europe."

He favoured the absorption of small component races into the ideals of organised nationality. Surely he was right. The whole is greater than the part.

WALTER SICHEL.

A CHRIST'S HOSPITAL TRIO.*

Of this trio of Blues, whose attachment to their old school was life-long, Lamb was the first to relate his scholastic experiences, then followed Coleridge and finally, Leigh Hunt, whose reminiscences appeared at a much later period. Lamb's first essay on the subject, "Recollections of Christ's Hospital," was printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, in June, 1813, and when he collected his writings in 1818, was reprinted in one of the two volumes published as "The Works of Charles Lamb." After Lamb's death the article was republished, in 1835, by subscription, with the consent of the author's representatives, "at the suggestion of a few individuals educated at Christ's Hospital, who were of opinion that it would be acceptable to their brethren, alike as a tribute to the memory of the *Author*, and as a lively, affectionate and accurate picture of the venerable Asylum within whose walls some of their happiest years were spent." The same article had previously been printed in John Iliffe Wilson's "A Brief History of Christ's Hospital, from its Foundation by King Edward the Sixth, to the Present Time," in 1820, and this booklet was followed in the next year by a larger History of the School by the same author. Lamb's essay was not the only one contributed by him on his old school, for his third Elia paper in the *London Magazine*, "Christ's Hospital five and thirty years ago," was on the same theme, though "with a difference." It was intended to be a sort of counterblast to the "magnificent eulogy" of "Mr. Lamb" in that the latter had "contrived to bring together whatever can be said in praise of them [the Cloisters], dropping all the other side of the argument most ingeniously."

After leaving school, Lamb's interest in it was constant. He was present occasionally at the annual dinner instituted to celebrate the birth of the Royal Founder, October 23rd, and was a member of "The Benevolent Society of Blues, for the relief of Persons educated at Christ's Hospital—their distressed Widows and Orphans." Writing to Coleridge in October, 1802, he tells him that "the annual meeting of the Blues is to-morrow, at the London Tavern."

It is very pleasant to know that at least the *names* of Coleridge and Lamb will be perpetuated as long as the school has an existence. There is a "Coleridge bronze group," representing T. F. Middleton helping Coleridge and Lamb with some passage of an author, awarded year by year to the House which most distinguishes itself in the School Examinations." Then there is "a beautiful silver medal, also awarded annually, for the best Grecian's English Essay." And there are Houses at Horsham "named after Coleridge and Lamb." Apropos of which latter fact there is a story that some parent, whose son was in "Lamb's House," on visiting the school, asked if he might see Mr. Lamb! The proper though perhaps indecorous treatment of such a parent would have been to use more than Calverley's "*one* word." Judging from Mr. Winbolt's statement the boys themselves do not seem to be in much better case for he tells us that "among even senior boys" he has never yet seen "anything approaching an adequate appreciation of Coleridge, Lamb and Leigh Hunt." That is much to be regretted and confirms the impression made on the present writer by a casual conversation with a blue-coat boy who was on the point of leaving the school.

Finding such an undesirable state of affairs among the young people under his charge—for Mr. Winbolt is not only an old Blue but a master of not far short of thirty years' standing—he has very enterprisingly made a selection of the best works of the school trio in prose and verse. Of

Colebrook Cottage,
Lamb's House at Islington.
From "Coleridge, Lamb and Leigh Hunt" (W. J. Bryce).

* "The Poetry and Prose of Coleridge, Lamb and Leigh Hunt (The Christ's Hospital Anthology)." Selected and edited with a synchronous narrative of their lives by S. E. Winbolt, M.A. 12s. 6d. net. (Bryce.)

Coleridge's poems, it cannot but be admitted that the choice is an excellent one. No one can dispute the glamour and magic present in such masterpieces as "The Ancient Mariner," "Christabel, Part I," and, perhaps, to an even fuller extent, in "Kubla Khan." "Love," too, follows "close upon." And no anthologist would dream of omitting "Dejection: An Ode." Coleridge never wrote any poem more beautiful than that. It was a cry from the very depths of his soul for the loss of his "Shaping spirit of Imagination." We are inclined to think that space might have been found for "Frost at Midnight," more especially as there is a delightful reminiscence of the poet's schooldays—"How oft, at school, with most believing mind," etc.

With regard to "Dejection" an interesting point arises—how far may an editor attempt to alter, say, the punctuation of a poem? This question was raised some years ago in *Notes and Queries* by Mr. J. Shawcross, the editor of the Clarendon Press "Biographia Literaria." The poet declares that

> "We receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone does Nature live"—

and that it is joy which exalts and glorifies everything in external nature:

> "Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power
> Which wedding Nature to us gives in dower,
> A new Earth and new Heaven."

He suggested we might read for the last two lines:

> "Which, wedding Nature, to us gives in dower
> A new Earth and new Heaven,"

or

> "Which, wedding Nature to us, gives in dower
> A new Earth and new Heaven."

Of these two readings he preferred the latter as that which "the rhythm and the metaphor alike demand." And most people will no doubt agree. The curious thing is that Mr. Shawcross appears to have been unaware that that particular punctuation was adopted by Coleridge himself in one of the essays contributed to *Felix Farley's Bristol Journal*, in which appeared the quotation from "Dejection," but, strangely enough, in no subsequent edition of the poem.

The Lamb selection is a good one, though there are many doubtless who would willingly exchange "The Dessertation on Roast Pig"—delicious piece though it be for, say, "Old China."

The Leigh Hunt section is a fairly representative one.

We should have liked to conclude with a commendation of the "Synchronous Narrative." The idea is a capital one and the narrative is pleasantly written, but it bristles with errors of commission and omission. With misprints which are frequent throughout the book we might have some consideration, though a little more supervision of the proofs would have done away with them, but these can be fairly easily corrected by a careful reading. Mr. Winbolt has had, of course, to make use of many authorities, but their works have not been thoroughly mastered, and many of his own conjectures are not in keeping with known facts. Some of his statements are surprising. He calls Lamb's lines, "The Godlike," a sonnet, which it certainly is not either structurally or in the number of the lines, for of the latter there are only thirteen. It is not true that Byron, Hunt and Trelawny were present at the burial of Shelley's ashes in Rome. Such a phrase as "about this time" is common, even when, as a matter of fact, the event took place three or four years after the time at which it is supposed to have occurred. Lamb's "Superannuated Man" did *not* appear in the *New Monthly Magazine*, but in the *London Magazine*.

It is inaccurate to state that Francis Jackson, the supposed original of "Captain Jackson," was at school with Lamb. This misstatement originated in the assertion of the grandson of Francis Jackson some years ago and its untruth was discovered by the present writer's receiving an extract from the school register (about 1905 he believes) in which it was stated that Francis Jackson entered the school in 1790, which was the year following Lamb's "discharge." Surely Mr. Winbolt, instead of accepting a haphazard assertion, could have proved its falsity by referring to the school records.

"Janus Weathercock" contributed to the *London Magazine* for 1823 a fictitious account of Elia's death, and Mr. Winbolt cites this at the end of his account of Lamb's life as a description of "Lamb's last days." We assuredly ought to have been spared this. "Holiday Children," which appeared in Leigh Hunt's *Indicator*, was not Lamb's work, although it has been conjecturally accepted as Lamb's by two or three of his editors. It was written by Mrs. Novello, as may be seen in "Recollections of Writers," by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke. Mr. Winbolt can hardly, perhaps, be blamed for this wrong attribution. To the "select bibliography" should certainly be added the following works: "Charles Lamb and the Lloyds," by Mr. E. V. Lucas (1898; Macmillan), containing the letters to the Lloyds which Mr. Lucas was not allowed to use in his edition of the "Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb"; and the Oxford edition of Charles and Mary Lamb's works in two volumes. Before the war the latter were obtainable for two shillings each.

S. BUTTERWORTH.

MR. LYND APPEALS TO REASON.*

Everybody who reads the *New Statesman* knows the work of Mr. Robert Lynd, whether they are aware of it or no. That excellent middle essay, suggested by an idea of the moment but far removed from anything which could be called topical writing, which always gives its readers a just, and often a new, view on fundamental questions of politics and conduct is usually the work of Mr. Lynd. He calls these essays "appeals to reason," and there could, indeed, be no better description of their intention, though it is but a modest appraisement of their merits. Appeals to reason can be very dry, and when they are dry they are unsuccessful. Man is not given to pampering his logical faculties at the expense of the æsthetic and emotional, and is extremely apt to refuse them any treat in which they alone can take part: but when the other faculties are indulged as well, their reason is allowed to gnaw its bones on the mat. Mr. Lynd appreciated this truth, and it gives him no trouble to apply it, for it is obviously a law of his own nature. He, too, feels the æsthetic and emotional appeal, and, though he is always on his guard against its temptation, it is plain that he cannot address reason save in a most attractive literary form. It is not exactly eloquence that is his gift: he does not keep that particular jam for the pill in his cupboard, as he proves when he inserts a passage from Burke in the midst of his own plainer discourse. There are times, indeed, when in such a passage as this:

> "It is easier for human beings to keep going on the ground than in the air. We are creatures of prose and poetry. Human nature, it has been said, like water, seeks its lowest level. According to the cynics, it will always do so. The cynic makes a generalisation of the world's disappointments and sets it up as a law. He rejoices in the failures of history as though they were successes of his own wit"—

he does not avoid monotony in his sequence of the pithily assertive. Nevertheless, if he has neither the eloquence of a Burke, nor the purely poetic discursiveness of a Lamb, he has a very distinguished quality of his own. We should call it a passion for justice wearing a rueful smile. That rueful smile is a great factor in Mr. Lynd's charm. Instead of working himself up into a noble rage over the partialities of common judgment, he accepts human weakness with a kindly shake of the head, and proceeds to show it up with a humour which never loses its temper and makes his own rueful smile break out on the lips of those who have learned their lesson.

The touching faith of human beings in mere loud promises has always been a fruitful theme for the cynic: but Mr. Lynd is not a cynic. His disappointment is not

* "The Passion of Labour." By Robert Lynd. 6s. net. (Bell.)

o acid as to sour his milk of human kindness. He simply miles, and his reader blushes :

"At the present moment we are living amid the ruins of a world of promises and professions—ruins disastrous beyond any that were ever produced by earthquake or any natural catastrophe. It now seems like something happening in a far-off world, when the democracies went to war merely because a great nation had broken a pledge. A broken pledge seemed in those days a remarkable curiosity, like a great auk's egg, or a two-headed calf, or a bearded lady. Photographs were taken of it and exhibited on the hoardings. . . . A broken word—nobody living had ever seen anything like it before. . . . Never had the world been shaken by such a rage of public virtue. Even sclerotic party politicians began to go about with the air of prophets booming against Tyre and Sidon. If we never had been virtuous before, we were virtuous now. We annexed Heaven itself and clambered up on to the pillars of the glittering gates, blowing trumpets that only angels are supposed to blow. And the worse the enemy became, the better we felt. Mr. Lloyd George, it is said, really persuaded himself that he was either one of the Twelve Apostles or an unusually distinguished Archangel. Haloes were handed round at Cabinet meetings, and worn even by the man that kept the minutes."

But Mr. Lynd follows this essay by another, "On the Folly of Being Disappointed," wherein he proclaims the passion hiding behind his rueful smile, and he concludes it with a noble passage of which I quote a part :

"The passion for justice among nations, which was the inspiration of multitudes yesterday, has been discredited in high places. But only those who expect a new world in a week need be disappointed. The passion for justice will outlive any statesman that God has yet created. It may ebb as the sea ebbs, but it will return. Whether it can ever rise to such a height as to blot out all injustice on the face of the earth is a question that need not trouble us. One can believe in perfect justice without believing in the perfectibility of man."

These extracts could be paralleled by many others illustrative of Mr. Lynd's philosophic humour which is not in the least detached. For he does not believe in impartial detachment as a grace, and makes no concealment of his own political convictions, which are those of the more enlightened leaders of the Labour Party. The earlier essays in this book are all inspired by various aspects of the antagonism between Labour and Capital, and no reasonable being could read them without recognising that the last notion in Mr. Lynd's head is that of making political capital out of the mental confusions of those who disagree with him. His high aim is to clear away misunderstandings, and to drive away the mists of prejudice which obscure from all of us our own souls and our own history. Again and again he hammers in the point that in our industrial troubles we are reaping the reward of bygone folly. For generations the employer alone gained by the much applauded system of unbridled competition and unlimited profits : the workers have learned the lesson, and it is not surprising that many of them have learned it wrong. Nobody, it would be just to say, is fit to express an opinion upon such matters unless he can answer Mr. Lynd reasonably, and these early chapters, particularly one called "The Men are Always Right," should be read by everybody in England. All the same, from the literary point of view, the later chapters are the more attractive, since in them Mr. Lynd is not forced to stick so close to his brief and has play for his humour. The final essay on Utopia is a splendid conclusion, full of wisdom and wit. "The world must finally choose between Utopia and Uboalia" : that is the upshot, and we all of us know it.

ORLO WILLIAMS.

THEY WENT.*

As his "South Wind" revealed, Mr. Norman Douglas has a somewhat grim taste in humour and he is grim, not to say *macabre*, alike with his humour and with his fancy in his new tale, "They Went," so that it has a distinct air of originality about it, though he deals with the familiar theme of a person bargaining with the devil. He takes us back here to the dark ages which in the matter of cruelty and indifference to human life he paints in the darkest colours ; a fiend's prompting, you would say, was hardly needed in the sea-coast city he chooses for his scene, as you contemplate some of the deeds of its pagan folk, notably that torture of a Christian missionary, the ugly details of which the novelist describes with a casualness only just escaping flippancy, while the heroine throughout the story, save at one single moment, seems to have a stonier heart than her Mephistopheles. The heroine is a beautiful young princess, whom the devil comes to help in the shape of an artist of genius—he calls himself Theophilus—and already she has reduced murder to a fine art and treats her lovers as does the siren in one of the Russian ballets ; in point of fact they disappear into the "Great Drain." Her putative father, the king, gets fuddled nightly before his courtiers ; her mother, a middle-aged romantic, is a fool by the side of the arch-Druidess, Manthis, a feminist this lady before her time, a trainer of girls with a scorn for men and a zeal for betterment which it is the mission of woman to achieve. The princess has no use for betterment ; the pursuit of her restless energy is always pleasure, but pleasure for her must have the aspect of beauty. She loves beautiful things and the making of them, but they must be made quickly ; and she uses artists up wholesale in her caprices, for she soon tires of anything accomplished and is as remorseless and variable in her artistic projects as in her loves. Whence she got her liking for art it is hard to discover, for her real father who gave her her looks and her masterfulness was a predatory old viking who ruled in the North. He it is, Aithryn his name, who after having seduced the royal toper's consort in the past, comes back to his court in disguise to open the sluices of his harbour and drown his whole capital. Apparently Theophilus, otherwise the devil, wanted the princess to do this job ; at all events when he has established his mastery over her, he constantly, as if it were the price of his help, begs her to get from her supposed father the sluice-gate key which hangs from the monarch's girdle. He begins his siege of the princess by pandering to her craze for creating beauty, calling it up as if by magic, training her taste, and transforming her surroundings, but now and again he talks as if the city were too poor a field for his labours and would be better under water. The princess refuses to get the key ; was it enough that by staying away from court she left the old king at Aithryn's mercy ? The novelist does not say. When the deed is done, the wonder-working Theophilus abuses the Almighty for meddling and muddling and mourns over the annihilation of his handiwork. Yet surely he wanted the catastrophe to happen. Are we to suppose that the devil is at his old game of throwing on to Providence the responsibility for his own mischief-making ? Again Mr. Douglas does not say. But he shows us the princess and her ally taking ship to a place "where there are no rainbows," and leaves Manthis on her rock-girt islet to bring up the tiny school of girls who alone survive from the doomed city. Who is going to criticise that sort of story ? As will be gathered it is a nightmarish fantasy, though it should be added in fairness that relief is provided by many a sly stroke of fun, and by an urbanity of style which, no less than the fun, recalls Anatole France. What may justifiably provoke some remark is the association in the book of the devil with art and beauty. Does one then make one's own devil, and did the princess's fiend affect these things because they appealed to her so intensely ? Or was Theophilus no Mephistopheles after all ? If he was not, there is no understanding Mr. Douglas's morbid fable.

F. G. BETTANY.

* "They Went." By Norman Douglas. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE COLLECTED POEMS OF EDWARD THOMAS.*

This finely-printed, treasurable book comprises the poems printed in the volumes published in 1917 and 1918, and one poem not hitherto published, "Up in the Wind," which by an unfortunate mistake is here entitled "Up the Wind." Thus the book brings together the whole of the

* "Collected Poems by Edward Thomas." With a Foreword by Walter de la Mare. 10s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

poems of Edward Thomas which the present generation may expect to read, and affords an opportunity of noting how little need be abated of the sudden and general eulogy with which the first selection was received. The three years that have elapsed since that selection was issued have perhaps diminished the astonishment which it provoked, by enabling us to observe how naturally poetry sprang from the mind which had for so many years been occupied equally with welcome and unwelcome tasks in prose. It has become plain, in short, that the one hundred and thirty-six poems of the present collection are the work of the same mind as is presented with only less candour and freedom in that other harmony of prose. And although this volume needs no support, being rich enough to lend rather than borrow, its permanent value is surely enhanced by the "introduction" of Mr. Walter de la Mare who, speaking of what he has known and testifying to that which he has seen, here draws the spiritual lineaments of his friend. The concluding phrases are themselves a beautiful piece of English prose:

"When it is considered how long and diligently, and at what expense of spirit, Edward Thomas worked as a man of letters; how many books are his; how much of his best writing is practically lost in the newspapers that so swiftly seduce the dead past into burying its dead; then it is little less than tragic to think how comparatively unheeded in any public sense was his coming and going. Nevertheless, it is a pious duty to have confidence in the children of this and of succeeding generations. Thomas has true lovers to-day, but when the noise of the present is silenced—and the drums and tramplings of the war in which he died—his voice will be heard far more clearly; the words of a heart and mind devoted throughout his life to all that can make the world a decent and natural home for the meek and the lovely, the true, the rare, the patient, the independent, and the oppressed."

The poem just named, "Up in the Wind," might be taken as a text for remarks upon Edward Thomas's development in poetry. The development which, in younger writers, is usually the process of years, was in him the process of months. Indeed, it must needs have been so, for the whole of his poetry, cruelly cut down by the war, flowered in a short day.

In most of the longer and in a few of the shorter poems the influence is traceable, is indeed so clear as to be all but avowed, of Robert Frost, a writer little known on this side of the Atlantic, whose good fortune it was to provide the slight needed stimulus when Edward Thomas brooded upon the verge of poetry. Strange that Thomas, profoundly steeped in English poetry, should in his own verse show not the faintest sign of conscious or unconscious recollection of English poets, yet show so clearly, if so briefly, the traces of a young American poet!

At the same time, there is something far more significant to be said—that the best of his lyrics are those in which the normal form and obligations of English verse are at once faithfully and lightly honoured. The last poem in the book is by this time familiar witness, and as perfect an instance, as perfect a poem, is the sonnet, "February Afternoon."

Poems such as these, including a score not less faithful to tradition and not less spacious in movement and direction, are not likely to lose in future admiration, whatever judgment a later period may pass upon the contemporaries of Edward Thomas. For these verses are the chosen and natural expression of a spirit that, with incessant momentary alternation, turned inward upon itself and outward upon the visible form of nature. It is this alternation, with its multiplying hints of something withheld and profound, that is the probable cause of the fascination now exercised by Edward Thomas upon so many young men and women. He is the most introspective of poets, harassed by his own fears, perplexedly confronting his own vivid and fluctuant personality, haunted by his own apparition in a world at once solid and unreal. But he also turns to the natural and beautiful face of things, noting narrowly and sharply that:

"The prettiest on ground are the paths
With morning and evening hobnails dinted,
With foot and wing-tip overprinted
Or separately charactered,
Of little beast and little bird."

Perhaps less frequently but not less surely he marks:

"The last light has gone out of the world, except
This moonlight lying on the grass like frost."

It is by his own significant arrangement that these passages face one another in this book.

J. F.

IF I MAY.*

The texture of these essays is delicately shot with threads of gossamer wit. Mr. Milne discourses pleasantly and lightly on a variety of topics such as lord mayors, policemen, gardens and curtain-rods, the Burlington Arcade, public opinion, high finance and the art of writing plays for children. He deems the bee a pitiable and contemptible creature since its only aim in life is to prepare for the next generation, and because the next generation, when it arrives, instead of luxuriating on the results of ancestral toil, merely spends itself for the succeeding generation, and so on. How much more admirable, argues Mr. Milne, if the bee "was eschewing all pleasure and living the life of a galley-slave in order that the next generation might have leisure to paint the poppy a more glorious scarlet." "Bread," he pertinently remarks, "may be necessary to existence, but what is the use of existence if you are merely going to employ it in making bread?" It is the artist, he contends, who gives to life a new and a richer meaning: "A world without its artists, a world of bees, would be as futile and meaningless a thing as an army composed entirely of the A.S.C."

Mr. Milne waxes eloquent on the delights of London during August and September. For in those precious months

"You can wander about in your oldest clothes and nobody will mind. You can get a seat for any play without difficulty—indeed, without paying, if you know the way. It is a rare time for seeing the old churches of the City or for exploring the South Kensington Museum. London is not London in August and September; it is a jolly old town that you have never seen before."

In the essay on "The Honour of your Country," Mr. Milne, with the uncompromising sincerity of an ingenuous infant, makes some humorous and illuminating remarks on the subject of national honour. His views about weddings are delightfully democratic. "It must be very easy," he writes, "to be a guest at a wedding reception, where each of the two clans takes it for granted that all the extraordinary strangers belong to the other clan. Indeed, nobody with a good suit, and a stomach for champagne and sandwiches, need starve in London. He or she can wander safely in wherever a red carpet beckons."

Among other piquant ingredients which go to make up Mr. Milne's personality are a mathematical mind, an affectionate interest in convicts, a love of art and an incapacity for "getting things done." "If I May" is an excellent antidote to the strenuous spirit of the age.

M. S.

THE SUMMONS.†

Mr. Mason has selected the war for his background. Harry Luttrell, one of his heroes—there are two—was possessed by one great shame and one great longing. "Shame that the regiment with which he and his father were bound up, had once disgraced itself—longing for the day to come when it would recover its prestige. Those two emotions burnt in him like white flame." So that he never really cared for volatile, reckless, unhappy Stella Croyle, who loved him. She bored him. When the war came, Luttrell found his opportunity, and nobly redeemed the honour once lost, came on leave, and fell in love with

* "If I May." By A. A. Milne. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

† "The Summons." By A. E. W. Mason. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

From "THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON."
By J. M. BARRIE.
Illustrated by HUGH THOMSON.
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

LORD LOAM: "MY FRIENDS, I AM GLAD TO SEE YOU ALL LOOKING SO HAPPY."

exquisite Joan Whitworth at a country house party. Joan loved him too. She wore "a little white frock of chiffon and lace, as simple as could be, but even to a man's eyes it was that simplicity which is the last word of a good dressmaker. A huge rose of blue and silver at her waist was its only touch of colour." The love story of Harry and Joan, crushed by circumstances into such a short space of time, is one of the best things in the book. "This was the hour for them, the hour at the well, with the desert behind them and the desert in front, the hour within the measure of which was to be forced the essence of many days." But things came about which nearly ruined their joy—Joan's intercourse with the German spy; her tussle with jealous Stella; Stella's frantic death. The novel is by no means purely a love story. It deals mainly with the career of one Martin Hillyard, who is in the secret service. Mr. Mason has not been so happy in his construction as usual. But the whole thing is vivid; and carefully written. It holds and grips you, and breathes the taciturnity and the charm peculiar to Mr. Mason. He knows so well how to keep up the thrill and the mystery. Take the incident of the sleeping-car on the night express from Paris to the Spanish frontier, and the finding of the oblong metal can (containing highly important letters written in invisible ink, from no less a person than Zimmerman, of the General Staff). Martin's way of securing that can from the lavatory tank is masterly. His secrets, his adventures, his watch on the Spanish coast for German submarines, his English stillness and quick wits are sketched with a most convincing pen. Hillyard, with his philosophy, seems to live. He held the sound and simple doctrine that you can confidently look to chance to bring you results, probably your very best results, if you are prepared and equipped to make all your profit out of chance the moment she leans your way. Incidentally there are some charming glimpses of Spain, of the bright blue painted houses, the brown and barren hills, the intensely reserved, readily courteous Spaniard.

THE BOOK COMPANIONABLE.*

Ingenious persons, ingenuous rather, have from time to time sought to draw up lists of books suitable for reading in bed, for a railway journey, for a holiday, for a voyage, for an imaginary solitary sojourn on a suppositious desert island—that is what "Alpha" himself, rash man, ventures to do—and so on, from the pocket volume of the man on tramp to the "hundred best" of the didactic banker. In so far as such a selection is self-revelatory it is interesting in fact and may be pleasing in form, but in so far as it is advisory it is all so much time wasted, for what true lover of books would accept the ruling of another in such a matter? There can be nothing in which the individual counts more. As well have your wife, your friends, or even your ties, chosen for you as your books. Those who affect to take advice in the matter, are either dissembling with an outward show or are no true lovers of books.

Yet I think we may roughly classify books, nevertheless, as being, broadly speaking, well suited for reading in this, that or the other circumstance. A little time ago, when "re-arranging" books, I was faced by the problem of what should go in a certain revolving bookcase, and decided that it should be devoted to those works which are to me "companionable"—"The Doctor," "The Week on the Concord," "Cowley's Essays," "Don Quixote," "Elia," "Roundabout Papers," "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces," "Tristram Shandy," "Pilgrimage," "Notebooks of Samuel Butler," and a score or so more. Looking over the case when completed, I was struck by the fact that but two writers whom I could claim as contemporaries had found their way into the company. Could I be growing old-fashioned? Then I found myself reading "Alpha of the Plough" and—well, he must have his place with the companionables, there is no doubt about that. Elia and Cowley must lie "a thought more nigh."

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Dreaming.

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Charles Lamb has so fixed himself in our affections as first among familiar essayists that he is cited almost inevitably by reviewers welcoming or snubbing a new volume of familiar essays. I see that one writer has boldly dubbed "Alpha" the "Elia" of our day. The implicit comparison, well-intentioned, is one that may suggest to some readers something in the character of an echo. This would be in the nature of *suggestio falsi*. The main quality which "Alpha" has in common with "Elia" is that he can take events of his own day, things within his own experience, and pen in hand—I beg his parden, pencil in hand—can write brightly, engagingly, arridingly, individually, of them. It is true that the "Fleet Street No More" of the later writer suggests inevitably "The Superannuated Man" of the earlier—but the similarity is merely one of theme.

Of town and country—the bees buzz an accompaniment through a goodly proportion of the pages—of work and of holiday-making, of journeys at home and abroad, of things, of thoughts and of people, do the forty-and-odd essays that "Alpha" has here brought together treat. Be his subject what it may, it is always presented with a clarity and sanity which are delightful in the reading and sweet in the memory. It is perhaps in the clearness of his thinking that much of the charm of "Alpha's" writing lies, that and a ripe philosophy informed with radiant humour, while an occasional touch of whimsicality is also to be found. What other writer would have thought of illustrating his musings on the twistings and turnings of the Lakeland way through the Vale of St. John with a reproduction of the signature of Charles Dickens, with its characteristic "whip flourish"? It is, perhaps, a little characteristic of "Alpha" that these reminiscences of Lakeland occur in an essay entitled "Idle Thoughts at Sea"; but then it is half the charm of your genial essayist that he should (within limits which it would not be easy to define) follow any particular thread that offers, whatever title he prefixes, or post-fixes maybe, to the completed essay.

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The interest in old Samuel is inexhaustible, because we are ever ready to return to our muttons and begin the feast again. Surely in all the human-gallery of literature, of this country or of any other, there is no figure more

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thoroughly outstanding than that of the Great Cham of Fleet Street. The story of his strengths, weaknesses, sorrows, searchings and triumphs is as familiar as the bells of Bow Church or of Paul's; his characteristics, appearance, personality—we know them and love them, because of the forthright courage of the man; and would not lose any of the little defects which tend to hearten the humanity. Just as the great Oliver—spiritually akin with Johnson—clung to his warts when his picture came to be painted, so we know that the character of the Doctor is helped and not hurtfully checkered by his passing tempers and explosions, the faults of manners, the indifference to clean linen, the St. Vitus's Dance and the rest of it. Johnson's character belonged to greatness, his heart was warm, he backed his sympathy with practical help; and so he wins an abiding affection and a study which cannot be satiated. He provides as infinite a fund of interest to those who love him as does any being who has taken a walk through Fleet Street.

And therefore we welcome this second volume of papers read at meetings of the Johnson Club. They are an example of the rich variety of interest to be discovered from the old man, his associates, activities and opinions. Among the persons with whom he was more or less brought in touch are Dr. Dodd, the criminal, whom he befriended as well as he could, considering the obvious guilt of the forger; Lord Monboddo, amusingly dealt with by Mr. Clodd, who is able through this forerunner of Darwin to urge his own views of the natural, and not supernatural, origins of man; old Parr, the writer of the epitaph, an unmistakable pompous bore; and Joshua Reynolds, who wins such honour as is a tribute of love from Mr. L. C. Thomas, in a charming paper. The late Spencer Leigh Hughes treats of a characteristic subject—Dr. Johnson's Expletives; but proves not so flamboyant as might have been expected, considering the hearty manner and full-blooded humour with which "Sub Rosa" loved and treated such a topic. Indirectly, his essay paints the Doctor's character in a fine light, for it shows how in an age of loud or mean passions and the appropriate words, Sam Johnson had not a dirty oath in his vocabulary. A true characteristic of the man who was a giant amid the conventions. Mr. Walkley is at pleasant pains to realise just what Johnson thought of the Stage and of Actors, better of the former than of the masqueraders, the puppets, who clap a hump to their backs and call themselves Richard. Two of the most interesting contributions are those which realise Johnson's attraction for the Law and for the Catholic Church. They have true insight. In the one Mr. E. S. Roscoe points out the love the Doctor had for legal facts and arguments, recognises the qualities of his mind, diction and eloquence, true instruments to the successful lawyer; and how himself regretted that the Law had not been his pursuit and profession—he might have become Lord Chancellor. In the other paper Sir Charles Russell discovers how sympathetic the old man, of sincerely religious heart and practices, was to the ancient branch of the Church; its very dogmatism of attitude and doctrine appealing to his ever-governing spirit. Liberty, Ireland, the Dictionary and Johnson's Writings as disclosing his character, are the other features of this volume; and complete a feast of excellent fare to the right Johnsonian.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

AN ELIZABETHAN VOYAGER.*

"The great deeds of Elizabeth's reign were most of them unlawfully begotten, and were legitimated when they came of age." This we have been told by a Sir Walter Raleigh of our own days in his admired introduction to Hakluyt's voyages. Dr. Williamson's book should determine whether the comment can justly be applied to the adventurous nobleman whose career is here narrated. George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, in his biographer's judgment, if he started as a mere privateer, became in time a notable statesman inspired with the lofty views which, translated into action, gave to the period so much of its unfading lustre. Of less renown than Drake, Hawkins and Humphrey Gilbert, and not always successful in his enterprises, the story of his life was well worth telling at length, especially as the documents unearthed by Dr. Williamson throw a new light on many of its incidents. Cumberland was a boy of eleven when he succeeded to the title. His father, a fervent alchemist, had devoted himself to a search for the philosopher's stone. The young earl was not long before he developed a taste for less speculative pursuits. He took great delight, his daughter said, in geography, and after graduating at Cambridge, went to Oxford to study certain ancient maps there. But he cannot have been, like his father, exceedingly addicted to books, as one learns from the same lady; for she regretted his extreme love of horse races, hunting, bowls, tilting at the ring and other sports. His skill in all knightly accomplishments, coupled with noble lineage and a handsome presence, were qualities not in the least likely to be overlooked at Court. At one of the tournaments graced by the presence of royalty, he and my Lord Essex offered to prove, *vi et armis*, that the Queen was the worthiest and fairest Amadis de Gaule. Not long afterwards Cumberland was chosen to succeed Sir Henry Lee as her Majesty's champion. Describing in "Polyhymnia" the honourable triumph at tilt in November, 1590, George Peele spoke of:

> "Worthy Cumberland,
> Thrice noble Earl, accoutred as became
> So great a noble and so good a knight."

But it was in sterner conflict and harder exertions that the valiant earl made good his title to fame; and the record of twelve voyages, fitted out and in six cases commanded by him, gives the book an historical value in addition to its interest as a lively picture of the times. Cumberland's finest exploits at sea were performed first in 1589, when he seized Fayal in the Azores, held his own there all the summer, and only just missed capturing the Spaniards' East and West Indian treasure; and, nine years later, when he sacked Puerto Rico and dealt a swinging blow at the prestige of our rival for mastery of the high seas. "I will either make a trade there," he told his sister, Lady Warwick, "or lose my carkas in endeavouring to do it." He certainly risked both life and estate; and as one of the "adventurers" to whom Elizabeth granted a charter for "discovering" the Indian trade, he has his place among the pioneers of our commerce with the Orient.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

* "George, Third Earl of Cumberland (1558–1605): His Life and His Voyages—A Study from Original Documents." By Dr. G. C. Williamson. 25s. net. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THE POSSESSIVE INSTINCT.*

"In Chancery," Mr. Galsworthy tells us, "is sequel to 'The Man of Property,' and to 'Indian Summer of a Forsyte' (contained in the volume entitled 'Five Tales'), and continues 'The Forsyte Saga.'"

Apparently Mr. Galsworthy is composing a symphonic novel, a Possessive Symphony, of which we have had the first movement and an intermezzo, and now have the third. Its theme, put briefly, is the Possessive Instinct. We get, in the first place, a study of a possessive clan, one of those peculiarly English families that, branching widely and marrying carefully, control in the aggregate an enormous property, from real estate to something in the City. England was owned by a few of these great tribes, and, openly or secretly, they ruled the country, appointed the ministers and dictated the policy. England, if not precisely a land of foresight, has always been a land of Forsytes.

But Mr. Galsworthy's Possessive Symphony has another theme in counterpoint to the first. He shows us the Possessive Instinct on the move, and spreading from the families to the nation itself. His period is that in which our great national watchwords were "Trade follows the

* "In Chancery." By John Galsworthy. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)

Flag" and "The All Red Route," our great national heroes Joseph Chamberlain, Dr. Jameson and Cecil Rhodes, and our great national utterances the poems of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. In those days the heart of England was represented by Park Lane, the might of England by the Chartered Company, the joy of England by Mafeking Night, and the soul of England by Alfred Austin. We called all this Imperialism. It was really the ultimate triumph of Capitalism. Capitalism had been a feature of the whole nineteenth century, but it had always been something apart from Government. Now Truth and Righteousness, in the persons of Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Rhodes, had kissed each other, and Government and Capital became one. The country was bidden to rejoice imperially; but its inspiration was drawn, not from an Imperial ideal, but from the Imperial Pint. The Possessive Case triumphed; Mr. Chamberlain described the war as a feather in his cap; and the nation, as nation, became rowdy.

Of that period—the prelude to the present—Mr. Galsworthy is here the social historian; not directly, as Mr. Wells would have been, but almost allegorically. His theme is rather the invasion of England by South Africa than the invasion of South Africa by England. We see the Forsyte family, solid, powerful and private, invaded by the war and the new publicity. Till that time

> "There had never been a distinguished Forsyte. But that very lack of distinction was the name's greatest asset. It was a private name, intensely individual; it had never been exploited for good or evil by intrusive report. Each member of the family owned it wholly, sanely, secretly, without any more interference from the public than had been necessitated by their births, their marriages, their deaths."

And now to the Forsytes came the war and divorce and the disquiet of a passing age. Their possessive instinct had extended to women and children. They had collected wives and sons as they collected pictures and furniture; and we leave them—this one with a son dead of enteric in South Africa; that one childless with a first wife divorced, and a second wife who gives him a daughter when he wants a son. And the old queen dies, and with her final passing, passes, too, an age.

> "Yes! the Age was passing! What with this Trade Unionism and Labour fellows in the House of Commons, with continental fiction, and something in the general feel of everything not to be expressed in words, things were very different; he recalled the crowd on Mafeking Night, and George Forsyte saying: 'They're all socialists, they want our goods.'"

The reader will gather from our remarks that this is a book of extraordinary interest. It is a faithful picture of Victorianism on its deathbed. In showing us the preceding war and the preceding generation it shows us our own with sinister clearness. The canvas is large and crowded, and we feel that, at last, Mr. Galsworthy has a task that is worthy of his powers. For the ease and mastery of narration and the effortless beauty and distinction of style, no praise can be too high.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

A SET OF FIVE.*

In a time when the Tarzan series are a test of the public taste in fiction, one cannot blame any writer of ability for bowing his head until better days. It is not to be expected that the immense breach between Mr. Burroughs and, let us say, Mr. Strauss, can be overcome. If the public, as a whole, prefer to read Tarzan they will certainly, as a whole, find Mr. Conrad obscure, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith gloomy, Mr. Norman Douglas fantastic, and Mr. Strauss intellectual. It is the story that counts, and when there is so little story in modern fiction humbler wares command their market.

* "Pengard Awake." By Ralph Strauss. 8s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)—"Adam of Dublin." By Conal O'Riordan. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)—"The Widow's Cruse." By Hamilton Fyfe. 7s. 6d. net. (Parsons.)—"Half-Caste." By Holloway Horn. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)—"The Open Secret." By K. C. Rynes. 7s. net. (Melrose.)

It is long since I read anything by Mr. Strauss, but between his last novel and "Pengard Awake" he was not alone in his silence. And in his return he has brought with him a sense of horizon and fainter academic atmosphere. There is not merely in the artistic conception of this book, but in its sustained concentration upon an intricate theme a fulfilment of those qualities which were too limited in his earlier work. The publishers, however, with the eager ingenuousness of their calling, warn, as it were, any admirer of Mr. Strauss by the legend on the wrapper—"This is entirely unlike Mr. Strauss's previous stories"—as much as to say: "I told you you wouldn't care about it."

I hasten to say at once that this is not a pirate story nor yet a journey to the moon. In "Pengard Awake" Mr. Strauss has achieved a remarkable *tour de force* in a field in which his story is the most impressive and original contribution since "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." It might even in its perfectly orderly and restrained extravagance be suspected as a sly slap at those very highly-strung persons who see in psycho-therapy a kind of El Dorado for the "interesting novelist."

The attitude of the hero, Sir Robert Graeme, towards the successive shocks that emanate from the person of John Pengard is in itself most admirable. There is a simplicity, a desire to do the right thing in circumstances frequently most abnormal, that make of Sir Robert Graeme, garrulous, orthodox and conscientious, a chorus not at all Greek, but with something of the Reform Club. He leaves for America with his sister Babette. On board he meets John Pengard, a man aloof, mysterious and so obviously overshadowed by some terrible secret as to possess all the superficial attraction of a character in a murder plot. The most experienced reader of mystery tales will think his own wise thoughts. He has, of course, met his Pengard before. Wrong—quite wrong. A little daunted, he smiles, because he is so sure this time. I was myself. I said: "Of course, but the idea is venerable. . . ." There is, you must understand, a sinister figure called Sylvester, the author of "Indomitable Man," who possesses a too remarkable resemblance to Pengard. And if you are clever you will perceive with an increasing sense of prestige, that Pengard and Sylvester are never together. . . . But Mr. Strauss can go one better than that. He admits no absolute limitations to his fancy, which is right and proper for any but the frail of imagination, who hatch a solitary situation like an egg on a January dawn.

It gives one a sense of the Christian virtues and a glow of an old Yule time to say, "This book is worth buying." In these days of novels at nine shillings, one does not say such things without a sense of gravity, and prospective suits-at-law.

"Adam of Dublin," by Mr. Conal O'Riordan, speaks for itself. It is a story of Ireland written with a fragrance, a reticence and a humour that should assure it a place in the fiction of that tragic country. The early history of Adam struck me in particular as quite brilliant. Mr. and Mrs. Macfadden, the parents of Adam, are characters in a sense unhappily rare in novels to-day. They are unforgettable. Mr. Macfadden is on a plane with the immortal Mr. Polly, and that is saying a good deal. But tragedy comes inevitably to cloud the boisterous adventures of Adam. It accompanies him through one of those religious seminaries which in Ireland appear to exact so heavy a toll on youth and liberty. That Mr. O'Riordan writes with a detached note of unfailing hope and patience makes of his story not, like some of its predecessors, a challenge, or a personal refutation, but a work of art.

"The Widow's Cruse," by Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, is written with its author's practised ease and efficiency, but possesses dramatic situations and light comedy possibly better suited for the stage than narrative. The wife who suns herself in her late husband's unexpected fame, and altogether routs the lady who was really responsible for it all, is a character upon whose pegs of snobbery, humbug and conceit quite a number of social reflections can be

XUM

dangled. Personally I suspected in the sudden introduction of spiritualism that the author had found his sense of journalism too strong. To begin with it leads nowhere. And surely, considering the merely reported death of Mr. Poore in the Arctic, his unexpected return should have brought his wife (and the public) down to earth again. If Mr. Fyfe cares to utilise this effective curtain in his dramatised version, I would be the last man to make more than a trifling charge.

"Half-Caste," by Mr. Holloway Horn, is one of those slight and meandering stories which are apparently inspired and controlled not so much by any desire to hold a reader's attention as to disgorge and elaborate sundry ideas and points of contrast. Oliver Darnell, the half-Chinese, half-English boy who examines Western manners through Oriental eyes, is too elusive, too reticent. That he is observant and drawing his own conclusions is possible. But one would not require to be Chinese to express some sense of astonishment at these flashlights of contemporary life. Any young man from Bolton would survey those immortal Chelsea Bohemians either with mouth ajar or impolite derision. Oliver should have gone out of the pages of fiction to Peebles or Hove, or the Isle of Man. He would have been just as astonished, but that is where the fun (if that is ever permissible in a modern novel) would have crept in. But—alas!—not content with the harmless effulgence of the Chelsea myth, he steps down into Chinatown and tries to rob us of our Limehouse Nights. Mr. Horn may be right. But he did not convince me that he would not have elaborated his theme more effectively by some other form than that of narrative. And how I cling to the noiseless sardonic Chinaman of Mr. Rohmer and his confrères—the kind of lay preacher who remarks just as the curtain is due: "Wong Sing he welly quiet. Wong Sing he trubble you no more. Loo Chow he puttee knife in Wong Sing." I have my own ideas about Chinamen and I simply cannot bear to see their funny little ways rebuked and disowned.

About "The Open Secret," by K. C. Rynes, I prefer to say little either of praise or blame. It is a slight, conventional type of story, artificial and rather insipid, but probably not without readers in serial form. Whether the author is capable of better stuff I cannot say. But an attempt is to be desired.

FREDERICK WATSON.

MEN AND WOMEN.*

Mr. Arnold Bennett has a mind trained to think fairly, a high power of observation, and the gift of clearsightedness. He is determined at all costs to be honest and to tell the truth and nothing but the truth in this matter of the relations of men and women. The whole truth cannot be told, nor the final truth. Mr. Bennett indeed seems to think that we can have too much of that particular good thing called truth. Its complete possession would be fatal. "Truth is perfection. Life is a movement from imperfection towards perfection. Perfection is the end of life. It is equal to death." So there we are! And our inability to master the whole truth where women (or men) are concerned, and to resolve the discord of the sexes is all for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Mr. Bennett presents the terrible alternative:

> "If men and women were to wake one morning in perfect mutual comprehension and in the assurance that no discord separated them, on that day politics, even international politics, would cease to have significance. The sun—where it shone—would shine in vain. The globe would put up its shutters. The sublime adventure would be over. And the First Cause would have to set to and think of something fresh."

Must we then accept Mr. Bennett's dogma that "discord exists between the sexes," and affirm his creed: "It always has existed, and it always will." Faith is at the root of the matter in such acceptance and affirmation. How can we deny the unprovable and inexplicable? It is the same with all Mr. Bennett's dogmas that are outside the realm of human knowledge and experience. They make demands on our credulity, as when we are told with the full assurance of Mr. Bennett, sincere rationalist that he is, "the amœba, the simplest, one-celled form of life, is what human nature once was, and no break can be found in the chain of evolution which connects the two." Faith, and faith alone, can induce to hearty belief in this dogma of man's unbroken descent from the amœba—faith, that is, in the propounder of the dogma. Unaided reason, historic research, the evidence of science—none of these things establish the truth of these dogmas. We must accept the sex-discord and the descent from the amœba trustingly on the authority of Mr. Bennett—or leave them alone. That many will choose the latter, cannot be gainsaid. The case is so strong for the discord existing between man and man in their rivalry for woman, for the discord between woman and woman in their desire for man, that it is not easy to accept off-hand Mr. Bennett's ingenious theory. We are steeped in the literature of the ages, with its many tales, romances, poems, histories not of the duel of sex but of the comedies and tragedies that tell of things suffered by men and women at the hands of their own sex. True the cross-grained wife and the unfaithful husband are familiar figures, but dare we say they loom so large in the human story as the jealous lover at war with his own sex, or the husband or wife betrayed not by the opposite sex but by their own?

However, accept or reject, as we may, Mr. Arnold Bennett's dogma of the sex-discord, there is nothing for it but to acknowledge handsomely his contribution to the better happiness of home. With a genius that is, it would seem, a common sense illuminated, Mr. Bennett discerns a thousand weak spots in our domestic life, and bravely and helpfully suggests a number of ways for the better ordering of social relations of married folk. A careful study of this book, before or after, but better, perhaps, before, marriage would in a very considerable number of cases help, neither to make divorce easier, nor to hasten disillusionment, but to strengthen the mutual adherence proclaimed by matrimony, and to keep the home fires burning. At the psychology of the average husband and wife in this present volume Mr. Arnold Bennett is at his best.

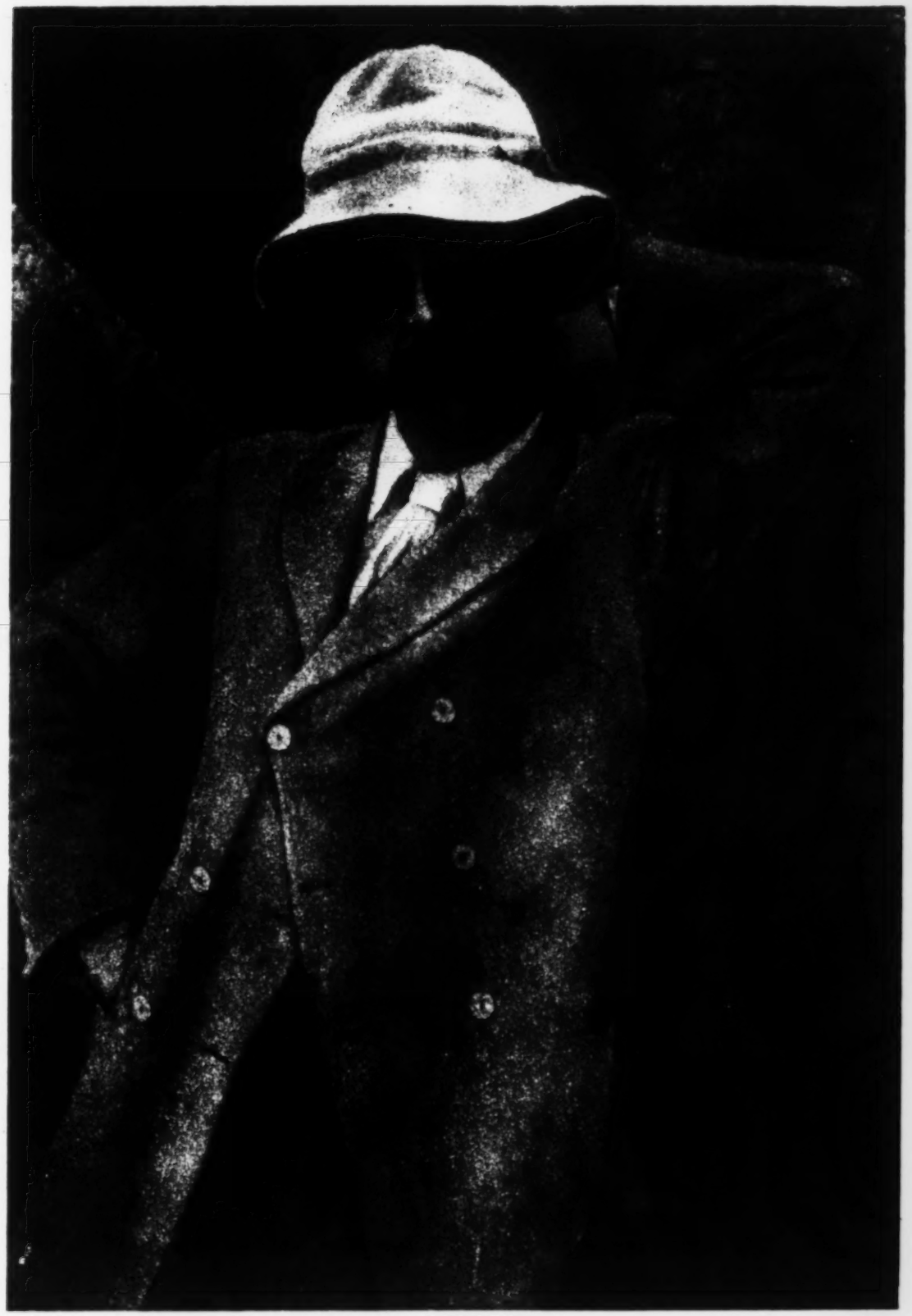
JOSEPH CLAYTON.

* "Our Women. Chapters on the Sex-Discord." By Arnold Bennett. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

A GREAT NOVEL.*

When Sivert, Isak's second son, watched the cows gazing across the field, it appeared to that small boy that they were looking back towards the Garden of Eden; and as we close this book we feel that we have been for a while sojourning in that very garden, among elemental beauties and the serpent's hiss. There is about this work of Knut Hamsun (most competently translated by an unknown hand) something indescribably calm and tremendous. Tears and laughter, great things and petty things, gossip and philosophy, are so interwoven, and the human beings are so entirely human, that we cannot skip one line. It is not a book of purple patches, although one does now and then catch one's breath at the subtlety of the author's insight or the charm of his description. One is, in fact, so subdued by it that the critical faculty abdicates and there is nothing left but words of praise. What fault, indeed, can one find with this epic story of Isak, who comes into the wilderness, a man of reticence among a most reticent population? Isak, the soul of benevolence, a man who cannot think except at his own pace, is presently joined by his Eve, whose name is Inger, a woman who on account of a hare-lip has found no other man willing to live with her. There is a tragedy which results in Inger going away for some years to prison, during which time her two little sons develop and the daughter is born. There is a tremendously restrained scene when Isak goes down to the village to meet her on her return; at first

* "Growth of the Soil." By Knut Hamsun. 9s. net. (Gyldendal, London.)



J. M. Barrie

(From a hitherto unpublished portrait)

he does not recognise her, as the prison doctors have healed her deformity. This Inger, who becomes a kind of Vestal at Sellenraa, is not shown to us without the foibles which make her human. She enjoys, as the great-hearted author puts it, a belated autumn—she has been deprived of so many years; and after the departure of one Gustaf, a merry Swede, she resumes, as the conventional would say, the path of virtue. Hamsun's account of those lonely Norwegian peasants is not only an account of great men and women, but it is conceived in the grand fashion. When one says that the men and women are great, one must draw distinctions—most of them are great in their verisimilitude; Isak is great in his character. Without the slightest physical attraction—save the beauty of his beard as he sows in the sunlight—without intellectual graces, without agility of any sort, we feel that we can never hear enough of this splendid man. Hamsun tells us that 32,000 such men are needed in Norway; but they influence the lives of so many—his last journey to the harbour is a kind of Pippa's progress—that 32,000 such people will scarcely be found in the whole of Europe. The subsidiary characters are all drawn with notable clearness, their comic and pathetic and futile traits being depicted in the most masterly manner. And if this praise is thought to be excessive, we would simply put forward Geissler, that strange fog of a man who for his own reasons refuses to sell his copper mine and let the land be worked, or Brede Olsen, who falls so cheerfully on evil days, and Barbro, his cunning and pretty and amoral daughter, or Eleseus, Isak's eldest son, who wears goloshes and sets out one night for America, and never comes back—his life is rather a hopeless one—or the everlasting old intriguer Oline, whose end is richly comic. She is required to leave the farm of Barbro and Axel Strōm, whose relations have been at last regularised; but she keeps on postponing her departure. She takes to her bed, and even goes so far as to ask for that highest extravagance, the doctor. One can almost hear her chuckling with delight at the trouble she is giving—but in the midst of it she dies. "Oline—an aged creature. Born and died. . . ." She has been desperately enjoying herself just before by referring to an episode which her unwilling host and hostess had every reason to forget, and she emphatically denies that she is hysterical—she interrupts herself, in fact, to demand the cow, Bordelin, for having saved Axel's life when he was lying helpless one winter in the driving snow under a fallen tree. That scene, when Axel is rescued by the old woman and afterwards assisted by Brede Olsen, his lazy father-in-law and would-be murderer, and the manner in which Axel recognises gradually that he must, for his future well-being, let the credit be shared between the pair of them, could not be better done. One closes the book with a feeling that whatever else Knut Hamsun may have written should be translated with the least possible delay.

HENRY BAERLEIN.

ANDROMACHE.*

We are glad to see this volume in the familiar buckram binding of the older Stevensons, because henceforth it must rank along with them as part of a beautiful story. Indeed, we are inclined to say it is the most beautiful story of them all. Some very good-natured friends have publicly expressed their doubts whether Stevenson was really a wonderful man; they will scarcely be able to doubt that Mrs. Stevenson was really a wonderful woman. From her side of the story comes in clear and noble tone the note that we often miss in the Stevenson saga—the note of sincerity. Did R. L. S. always look in his heart and write, or did he sometimes merely look into a pretty bag of pretty tricks? Was there a Man behind that elaborated surface, or was there only another thing in three letters that Henley wouldn't write? Well, here is an answer—not, perhaps, a final answer, when we consider Mr. Shaw's

*"The Life of Mrs. R. L. Stevenson." By Nellie Van der Grift Sanchez. 12s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Late Dr. Todhunter,
whose Collection of "Essays" Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing.

Louis Dubedat and his noble Jennifer—but very nearly a final answer, to such questions; a most admirable, strong-charactered and unusual woman married him when he was at the point of death, kept him alive and working gaily for many years when the grave was gaping at his side, lived, laboured and fought fiercely for him, and, knowing his weaknesses, loved him. We cannot refute that testimony!

Fanny Van der Grift Stevenson was precisely everything that is opposite to the tame, acquiescent, fluffy and clinging creature once admired as specially "womanly." She was the antithesis of Chehov's "Darling." She had the spirit of a frontiersman and the tenacity of a terrier. She would have gone South with Shackleton and died with Scott—and she had the prettiest of little feet and loved to show them off. She wrestled fiercely with her man of genius to keep him up to his best. In a letter to his mother she says:

"If I die before Louis, my last earnest request is that he shall publish nothing without his father's approval. I know that means little short of destruction to both of them. . . . The field is always covered with my dead and wounded, and often I am forced to compromise, but still I make a very good fight."

They fought over the first draft of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" till Stevenson threw it all into the fire and began it over again. Was the second version an improvement? We do not know, but we can surmise, for we do know that she disliked "The Black Arrow," and declared that he had spoiled his South Seas book. And he knew the worth of her help. These are the words in which he dedicates "Weir of Hermiston" to her:

> "Take thou the writing; thine it is. For who
> Burnished the sword, blew on the drowsy coal,
> Held still the target higher; chary of praise
> And prodigal of counsel—who but thou?"

Her capabilities seemed to have no limit. She doctored the natives of the islands and the seamen of the ships. She had a passion for scientific agriculture, and made things grow where they never grew before; but she always consulted experts to see if she were introducing something that might prove a pest, and she burnt the earth her new

plants came in, lest diseases might lurk in the mould. She knew that catarrhs were contagious before the doctors admitted it, and, in the Bournemouth days, barred out protesting friends from the presence of Louis if they were guilty of coughing and sneezing. Even the doctor who came sneezing to see his patient was inexorably ordered off the premises. The three pages quoted from her pocket-book are a revelation of her immense range of practicality and of her simple fallibility; for side by side with a recipe for *bouillabaisse* and a cure for elephantiasis, is the date of her wedding-day, which she could never remember without a record.

And what of the other side—the side of comradeship, sympathy and understanding? Well, we have his answer:

"Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel true and blade straight
The great Artificer made my mate.

"Honour, anger, valour, fire,
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench, or evil stir,
The mighty Master gave to her.

"Teacher, tender comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart whole and soul free,
The August Father gave to me."

When he died, so suddenly and strangely (her wild heart prognosticating disaster), a world of readers sorrowed. In this volume are quoted two letters of condolence. There is one three pages long from his fellow-craftsman, Henry James; but we prefer this tribute to the defender of Father Damien, written in pencil on a scrap of paper, and unsigned:

"Mrs. Stevenson.

"Dear Madam,—All over the world people will be sorry for the death of Robert Louis Stevenson, but none will mourn for him more than the blind white leper at Molokai."

Let us close with a sentence from Mr. McClure, the publisher:

"One afternoon in August, 1896, I went to Paddington Station to meet Mrs. Stevenson, when, after Stevenson's death, she at last returned to Europe after her world-wide wanderings—after nine years of exile. When she alighted from the boat train I felt Stevenson's death as if it had happened only the day before, and I have no doubt that she did. As she came up the platform in black, with so much that was strange and wonderful behind her, his companion of so many years, through uncharted seas and distant lands, I could only say to myself, 'Hector's Andromache.'"

Andromache, yes: Andromache stricken and bereft, but Andromache unbound and unbowed.

G. S.

SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA.*

This remarkable and rather terrifying volume purports to be the result of four years' observation with the medium, Eva C., in collaboration with Madame Bisson, the wife of the well-known French dramatist, in whose care the medium lived for a considerable period, and who undertook the task of training and developing Eva C.'s strange gift.

It is difficult for the most tolerant of readers to peruse the book with that "unprejudiced and respectful attitude of mind" demanded by the author. The facts, as asserted by Schrenck-Notzing and corroborated by over two hundred flashlight photographs, taken and developed under conditions that presumably precluded any possibility of fraudulent manipulation, are such as to utterly bewilder the reader.

In the first place the author is not a "spiritist": he deplores, in fact, the eagerness of spiritists instantly to attribute these, and similar phenomena, to the agency of discarnate intelligences, and avoids explanations which he considers at this juncture highly premature. The present investigation is essentially a scientific one and like that of the late Professor Crawford, which dealt solely with mechanical phenomena, an attempt to discover certain psychic laws at present unknown to science.

The bare facts as set forth in this weighty volume are that a certain Eva C., a French medium of some twenty-five years of age, in a state of trance, succeeds in materialising spirit forms and "teleplastic" structures before the eyes of competent witnesses and of the camera. These structures vary in form and density. They issue from the nose, mouth and fingers of the medium and float like veils over her shoulders or creep in more solid fashion over her figure. The mass evolves, separates from the medium's body and adopts independent motion. Hand-shapes, faces, mask-like forms, are built up from this mysterious emanation. In some cases the phantom figures are mere flat pictorial portraits, in others plastic reliefs, up to the complete sculptural modelling, with hairy portions.

As in the experiments of Crawford this strange organic matter evaporates under the influence of bright light, and disappears in a second, back into the medium's body, on the flash of the magnesium necessary to the work of the camera. Observers who were permitted to touch the material found it "cold, sticky, and like the skin of a reptile," a description which agrees with Crawford's.

The author makes it clear that any tampering with the photographic plates was impossible; moreover, half a dozen different cameras gave results that were in agreement. This photographic evidence, produced under the most stringent conditions, is certainly sufficient to rule out the hallucination theory, and one finds it difficult to doubt that the assertions of the author and of his witnesses are true, so far as they go.

But it does not rule out the possibility of fraud on the part of Eva C. Schrenck-Notzing himself does not guarantee there was no fraud. He merely states emphatically that every precaution that human brain could invent was duly applied, and the fact that dozens of eminent witnesses have registered their conviction that the phenomena were genuine goes far towards establishing that point.

To have accomplished such a gigantic imposture the medium would need the skill of a super-Maskelyne, for her hands and feet were always visible, and the former, held by the observers, were the warm hands of a living woman. Certain objections that were raised by the *Miroir* upon the publication of the French edition of this work have since been examined by the author and his friends, and further experiments were undertaken which, in the author's opinion, are sufficient proof that the charges made by his opponents are groundless.

With such a work as this, which aims at the discovery of unknown laws by the perfectly legitimate method of carefully conducted investigation, it were foolish to indiscriminately accuse the author of bias or lunacy because his results are as yet almost incredible. The possibility of fraud on the part of the medium must be settled by the individual reader, who has here a vast amount of detail to assist him in making up his mind whether Eva C. is the greatest conjurer the world has ever known, or whether she is indeed an instrument through which certain mysterious forces of nature are striving to manifest themselves that men may be wiser.

* "Phenomena of Materialisation." By Baron Schrenck-Notzing. 35s. net. (Kegan Paul.)

BETHMANN HOLLWEG ON THE WAR.*

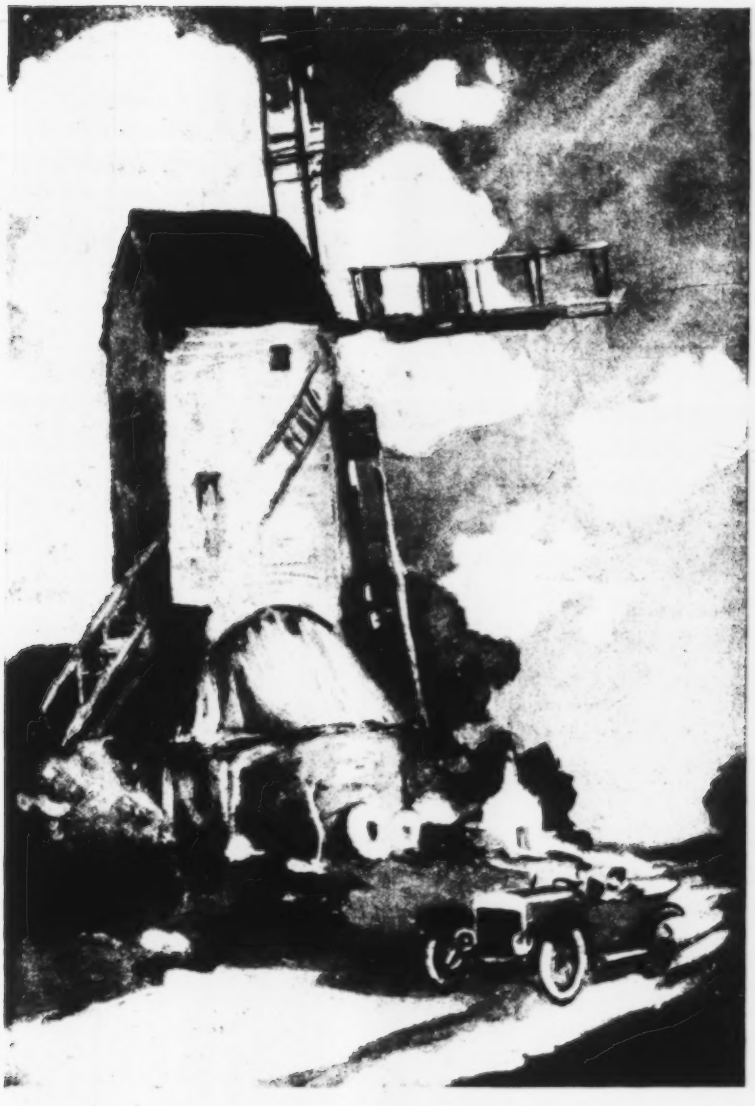
The first part of Bethmann Hollweg's "Reflections on the World War"—a survey of the political situation in Europe on the eve of the great conflict—makes most excellent reading; for the ex-Chancellor puts forward a most plausible prima facie case for Germany, and expresses this case with admirable lucidity and cogency. That it is not argument-proof we shall briefly indicate; but first let us present its main points. In the first place, the author frankly admits that the breach of Belgian neutrality was morally indefensible; but he shelters his own condonation of that crime under the plea of military necessity—the necessity, caused by the double front, of coming to close grips with France before pressing the offensive

* "Reflections on the World War." By Th. von Bethmann Hollweg. Translated by George Young (formerly Secretary of Legation). 12s. 6d. net. (Thornton Butterworth.)

From "MODERN WOODCUTTERS"
(1). GWENDOLEN RAVERAT
Herbert Furst, Little Art Rooms,
(Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.)

GYPSIES.
By Gwendolen Raverat.

XUM



From "LITTLE TREASURE ISLAND."
By ARTHUR MEE.
Illustrated in colour and photogravure.
(Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd.)

"OLD TIME LOOKS DOWN ON A NEW TRAVELLER."

From "THE CHARM OF KASHMIR."
By V. C. SCOTT O'CONNOR
Illustrated with colour plates and from photographs.
(Longmans).

THE SHALMAR.

against Russia. He explains that when he told Sir Edward Goschen on the evening of August 4th that the treaty of neutrality was only a scrap of paper, he was comparing the fearful consequences of an Anglo-German war with the results of a German invasion of Belgium, and that his blood boiled at the hypocritical way in which the English Ambassador harped on Belgian neutrality, which was not the thing that had driven England into war. Moreover, he caustically and quite justifiably remarks: "Since my emotion struck him so much, he might have reported that in taking leave of me he [himself] burst into tears and begged me to allow him to wait a little in my anteroom because he did not feel himself fit to appear before the clerks in the Chancery."

The ex-Chancellor's main arguments may be summarised as follows: (1) "The supposition that Germany let loose a war out of mere lust of world power is so silly that an historian would only take it seriously in the entire absence of any other explanation at all. It is, on the other hand, an historic fact that German policy failed to use many opportunities of making war with comparatively good prospects of success, and at all times sought for and supported a friendly settlement. As a contrast to this, Russia's urgency for the domination of the approaches to the Mediterranean and its precipitancy for the hegemony of the Slav world are historical factors of indisputable force." (2) "In Morocco, Tripoli, and the Balkans the [offensive] movements originated in or were protected by the combination of Powers that had associated against us before the war, or that, like Italy, was to dissociate itself finally from us during the war. None of these movements were in the remotest degree provoked by Germany." Moreover, as a result of a world war, France and Russia hoped to be able to grab, the first Alsace-Lorraine, the latter Constantinople. Whereas Germany, except on the insane hypothesis of her lust of world empire, wanted to grab nothing and was bound to Austria by a purely defensive alliance. (3) In rejecting Sir Edward Grey's proposal to submit the dispute between Austria and Serbia to the arbitrament of a council of Ambassadors of the Great Powers sitting in London, Germany was influenced by the conviction that such a jury would be more or less packed in the interests of the Balkan Kingdom, and that to commit the matter to the decision of such a jury was to raise it from the status of a Balkan to that of a European question. For the same reason of desiring to localise the issue, Germany felt herself not in a position to put pressure on Austria with a view of modifying the terms of the latter's ultimatum to Serbia. (4) "According to the protocol of a conference held on February 21st, 1914—a protocol published by the Bolsheviks—Sassanow [the Russian Foreign Minister] declared roundly that it was not to be assumed that action against the Straits could be taken to the exclusion of a European war. The General Staff, moreover, argued that a fight for Constantinople was only possible in case of a European war. None the less, plans for 'the seizure of the Straits in the near future' were discussed in detail. While in a memorandum presented to the Tzar on March 5th, mention was already made of 'the expected crisis,' which 'possibly very soon' would give Russia her opportunity."

Such are Bethmann Hollweg's leading contentions. In support of the case for the Allies it need only be urged that, while points (1), (2) and (4) are fair matters for argument, point (3) is a mere a priori assumption, which disregards entirely the logic of facts. The Allies believe that Germany could have prevailed upon Austria to modify the terms of her ultimatum to Serbia. They believe that the dispute between Austria and Serbia could have been amicably settled at the proposed conference of Ambassadors. By failing to envisage the consequences of Germany's refusal to put pressure upon Austria, the ex-Chancellor demonstrates either that the management of German foreign policy was hopelessly muddle-headed, or that it was so rigidly punctilious and callous that it failed to see the criminal folly of taking a leap in the dark.

W. A. L. B.

Novel Notes.

THE MONSTER. By Horace Bleackley. 9s. net. (Heinemann.)

The Americans have taught us that manufacture, commerce and trade can be welded into live fiction; that the stories of manual workers, clerks, salesmen, if told in the right way, are as engrossing as the romances of rich young men, actresses and Ruritanian royalties. Mr. Horace Bleackley in his powerful and solidly constructed novel, "The Monster," has done as well as Upton Sinclair. This is a metaphorical title. The beast referred to is that industrial system which made England the workshop of Europe at the expense of the green life of the nation. The book covers three generations. It begins with the days when Wilberforce was pleading the cause of the negroes, and when workhouse children of seven years and upwards were slaving from fourteen to sixteen hours a day in the horrors of the cotton mills on a sparse diet of skim-milk, potatoes and dry bread. Little Robert Willoughby suffers all the torments of "The Monster" until he becomes a master. That experience gives him no pity for his own juvenile workers. He complains rather that the factory laws of Peel will ruin the industry by restricting ages and hours of labour. His son, Stephen, is a piece of steel from the same mould. Stephen's son, Robert, rebels against the evil system. The grandson of the old St. Pancras workhouse boy receives a liberal education, and spits on the system which grinds out the bodies and souls of those who tend the Great Beast. He has a romantic love affair with the daughter of a man whose whole life has been spent in the cause of the cotton workers. Stephen kills the romance and separates the lovers. This history of the industrial system in England from the first growth of the cotton factories until Queen Victoria's Golden Jubilee, ends on a note of quiet happiness. Robert finds a true mate; and he and Nora face the future with the knowledge that The Monster has been tamed.

THE SPIDER WOMAN. By John Goodwin. 2s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Some slight acquaintance with the modern cinema leaves the impression that the success of a film drama depends on a quickly-moving story, tense with dramatic situations which are significant in themselves and have an added meaning from their working into the whole. "The Spider Woman" would be admirable on the screen. Many a film has had success with a less skilful scenario. The characters have the clear outlines that the cinema-goer demands. Salome Desmond, crystal-gazer and adventuress; Sybil Deering, the innocent heroine; Douglas Helder, the hero; Herman Start, the villain of the plot, deviate not for a moment from their character of villainy or virtue upon which author and reader have previously agreed. They may vary their methods of evil or stand out more clearly in the light of goodness, so long as they keep the outlines in which they are first presented to us. When this is the starting-point of a book, elaborate plot and ingenious incident become its attraction. Mr. Goodwin is not slow to take the chance. Embezzlement, a murder trial, a deathbed marriage, are some of the sensations which bear the reader on in a story which is readable from first to last.

THE NORTH DOOR: A ROMANCE. By Greville Macdonald. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

It is doubtful whether we read "The North Door" as a romantic tale. Some of the incidents stand out too clearly in their realism. The passing of the centuries cannot soften a story of child-torture, and the picture which the novel gives of the life of parish children in the cotton mills has a vividness which remains the final impression of the book. It pushes back from the front line of interest the love story of the Rev. Christopher Trevenna and the Lady Evangeline, and claims first place for what was originally an incident in the plot. Yet Mr. Macdonald calls

his novel a romance, and there are passages which will carry the name. Among scenes laid on the coast of Cornwall in the smuggling days, the adventures of Luke Kellinack are in the best manner of the times. We care less for the book when the writing becomes allegorical. For this the character of the hero, Christopher Trevenna, is in part to blame. Mystic and idealist, "so deeply in love with human nature that its instability moves him to its service, almost as if he himself were responsible for its every failing and anguish," Trevenna never becomes very distinct. A valuable appendix to the novel gives an account of his opinions and theology, but for the reader who does not reach the appendix the story must bear its own weight.

THE SEVEN WIVES OF BLUEBEARD AND OTHER MARVELLOUS TALES. By Anatole France. Translated by D. B. Stewart. 7s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Here are four stories by Anatole France, resplendent with that great writer's wit, irony and philosophy, and admirably translated. The first story is concerned with the rehabilitation of Bluebeard, Monsieur de Montragoux, "justly remarkable for having married seven wives." So far from being the accomplished villain of romance, Bluebeard, M. France is assured in his belief, "was good and unfortunate, and his memory has been overwhelmed by unworthy slanders." "The Miracle of the Great St. Nicholas," the second story, is in the true Voltairean vein. The "Story of the Duchess of Cicogne and of Monsieur de Boulingrin," who slept for a hundred years in company with the Sleeping Beauty, is the shortest and least important of the four. The satire is now directed against the sceptic, the unbelieving Secretary of State who, refusing to believe in fairies, maintains in face of overwhelming events that "nothing exists which is not according to Nature." The last and longest story, "The Shirt," takes us once more on the old quest in search of happiness. In vain the king's equerry and private secretary seek the happy man, whose shirt alone can restore the king to health. Rich and poor, statesmen and soldiers—all have the canker of unhappiness in their hearts. At times we seem to be on the right scent, and then the fatal barrier is interposed. And when at last the happy man is found—well, the conclusion must be learnt from Anatole France himself.

UNCLE JEREMY. By G. B. Burgin. 8s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

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